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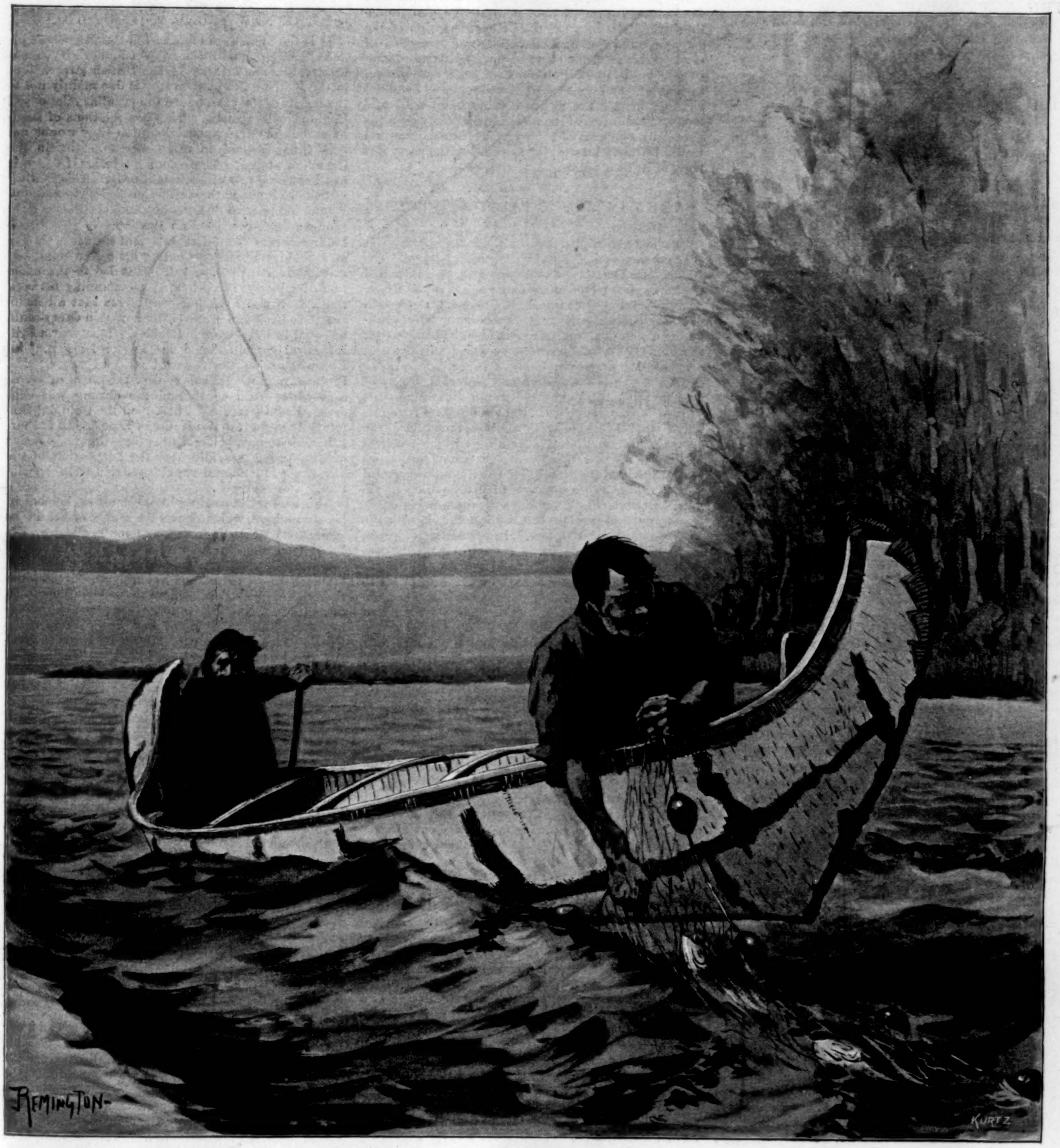

BIG FISHING—INDIANS HAULING NETS ON LAKE NEPIGON.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 243.]

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THE RENOMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE interview with the President which was recently published in the *Tribune* contained two important statements. The correspondent said that the Republican chiefs in Washington think that the President will be renominated without serious contest, and that Mr. Blaine will not permit his name to be presented as a candidate. The *Tribune* would hardly publish such a statement about the Secretary without some assurance of its truth. It is the most important part of the letter, because the President's observations have no other significance than that of showing his complete identification with the general policy of his party. He warmly supports the McKinley tariff, to which, according to the letter, his personal influence attached the Aldrich amendment. He rejoices that Speaker Reed has saved government by the majority. The election or force bill he likes for the same reason—that it secures the majority rule. He thinks that we have gone as far as is desirable at present toward the free coinage of silver, and that the interests of good government and wise progress are secure in the hands of his party. The correspondent suggests that the only troubles that the President has encountered are the quarrels over patronage which no President escapes.

The ground of open public questions is pretty well covered by the President, and at a well-chosen moment. Congress has just adjourned. The agitating controversy of the tariff and election bills has ceased for the time, and political attention naturally turns toward the Presidential campaign of next year. Yet the canvass for candidates has not fairly opened. There have been no important public committals. It is the very time for a President who is an aspirant for renomination to announce that he is in entire agreement with his party, and is prepared to continue business at the old stand. His position is greatly strengthened by the simultaneous announcement that the one man whose candidature would threaten his chances will not permit himself to be nominated. The President places himself in the field in the most skilful and advantageous manner. If it be said that he evokes no party enthusiasm, the reply is that, assuming the withdrawal of Mr. Blaine, there is no practicable rival who evokes more. If the party in general be rather indifferent to him, general indifference is better than the active animosity of a faction. After this plain intimation that he would like to be renominated, which will affect the action of many men in office who can be serviceable, the President, upon the whole, would be probably the strongest candidate for the renomination but for one consideration.

His success in securing a renomination would have one great public advantage. It would indisputably invite the verdict of the country upon the conduct of the party. It is denied by many Republicans that the election of last autumn was such a verdict. But if elections can ever be held to express public feeling, the re-election of President Harrison, unless evidently due to support of his position upon the silver question, would proclaim the sanction of the country for the McKinley tariff, for an election law, and for the postponement of civil service reform. But this is the very lion in the President's path. His renomination would be such a distinct declaration that the party meant to adhere steadfastly to the general course which the country has condemned that it is very doubtful whether the leaders would care to make it. The nomination of another candidate could be readily interpreted as a change of front. Even if no real change should be contemplated, the fact would be less evident in another nomination. If, for instance, Mr. Robert T. Lincoln should be selected, his nomination would not be so distinct a reaffirmation of the force bill and the McKinley bill and a neglect of civil service reform as that of the President. Moreover, if not in himself an object of party enthusiasm, his name is, and he is wholly free from any factional entanglement. Yet as there is no more tried and true representative of the recent party policy than the President, a refusal of his overtures for renomination would be fairly interpreted as showing the party distrust of its own policy.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND FREE SILVER.

THE last alarm produced by the late Congress was the apprehension of some fatal silver legislation. The Democratic Senators with Republican assistance had passed the free silver bill, and the action of the House was uncertain. But the House, where the strength of the free silver party was Democratic, did not ratify the action of the Senate; and even had it done so, the President would have intervened, probably, with a veto. The danger, however, was such as to excite great alarm, and the prompt and powerful protest of men of all parties who hold sound views upon the subject happily prevailed. But the question remains, and it must necessarily play an important part in the campaign of next year. Nothing will be watched with more interest than the declaration of the parties upon the silver question. That is the only doubtful point. There is no question of party policy in regard to the tariff. The Republicans are high protectionists, and the Democrats are not. So with the question of an election law. In regard to reform in the civil service, Republican sentiment is much more favorable than Democratic, although Republican administration has not deferred to the reform sentiment in the party, which shows that it is far from a controlling sentiment. These points are all well understood.

The silver question remains, and the Democratic position upon it, to use a mild phrase, is doubtful. Mr. Mills was the Democratic leader in the late House, and he speaks plainly upon the subject. He is a free silver advocate, but he thinks that the tariff is the immediate question. He is reported, and no doubt correctly, as saying, "But if we had free coinage, it would produce no appreciable effect for good until taxation is reduced." The first step, therefore, he thinks, is to reduce the rates of taxation, and he says: "When we accomplish this, we can settle the silver question. Until it is done, we should permit nothing to distract our councils or divide our forces." As Mr. Mills is an advocate of the free coinage of silver, this remark is equivalent to saying that Democratic tariff reform is the first step toward free silver. He says, in effect: "Don't agitate free silver now, but stick to revenue reform. When we get that, we can strike for free silver." Mr. Mills's frankness leaves nothing to be desired. As the view of an intelligent and experienced party leader, his remark is very interesting. But the important question for the campaign of next year, arising from the remark of the Democratic leader of the House and the almost solid vote of the Democratic Senators, is whether the Democratic party agrees with them. If so, the incorporation of their views in the platform is unimportant, as they would undoubtedly represent the party policy. It may be thought impolitic for the Convention to speak as frankly as Mr. Mills. But the silver question is not disposed of by calling it secondary or subsidiary. There are a great many friends of tariff reform who will wish to understand clearly whether if they vote for that reform and succeed, they will discover that they have also voted for free silver.

It is for this reason that it is so important for the party of tariff reform to speak plainly upon the silver question. It is not an "academic" question nor a question in the air. It is an immediate and pressing issue, as is shown by the fact that it is breaking up the old parties. "Free silver" prevailed in the Senate by Republican votes, and its chief champions are of both parties. It was for some time doubtful whether a Congress controlled by the party opposed to free silver would not pass a free coinage bill, and the disaster was avoided only by the utmost activity. The importance of the subject cannot be depreciated. And as questions are not made subsidiary by calling them so, the silver question, which is really the question of a sound currency, will be inevitably one of the primary issues in the election of next year. In the present situation it will be impossible to concentrate public attention exclusively upon the issue of 1888, because the silver legislation of the late Congress, the demonstrated power of the free silver party, the votes and declarations of Democratic members of Congress and party leaders, and the party reception of Mr. Cleveland's letter have raised the question whether the success of the Democratic party in the Presidential election would lead to free silver coinage. The silence of the platform would not answer the question. It can be answered only by a distinct declaration.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUESTION.

IT is the opinion of ex-Minister Phelps, whose official familiarity with the subject makes him an authority, that the attitude of the British government in the Behring Sea controversy is due mainly not to the merits of the case, but to the peculiar relations of England with Canada. They are relations of sentiment, but in Mr. Phelps's opinion they would not lead Great Britain to make war to maintain the Canadian claims. The colonial relation, in fact, is fast becoming one of sentiment only. This is illustrated also in the curious situation in Newfoundland. By the old treaties of Utrecht and Versailles certain exclusive fishery rights on the shore of Newfoundland were reserved to France. But the act of Parliament making the treaty binding upon Newfoundland was inadvertently repealed. This led to the adoption of a *modus vivendi*, an understanding between the British and French governments that all factories for curing fish erected after a certain date should be equal in number on both sides. Last year a British naval captain closed the lobster factory of an Englishman on the reserved strip of shore. The Englishman brought suit against the naval officer in a Newfoundland court, and the closing was condemned as a trespass. Thereupon the Colonial Secretary brought into the House of Lords a bill authorizing British naval officers to enforce the treaty rights of France, but providing for the suspension of the law if Newfoundland should provide such legislation.

This action has produced the utmost excitement in Newfoundland, which denies the rights of France as understood by the ministry, and the Legislature has asked Parliament to suspend action until the colony can state its case, and colonial commissioners have been appointed to proceed to England. Meanwhile three accomplished arbitrators have been appointed to consider the lobster-canning controversy, involving the rights of England and France under the treaties. But the excitement in the colony is so great that it is by no means certain that the *modus vivendi* will be tolerated by Newfoundland. France will certainly not relinquish any rights claimed by her on the island until an award is made by the arbitrators, and should that award be favorable to France, it is not impossible that the colony would refuse to acquiesce. France has no direct remedy against the island, because the sovereignty was conceded to Great Britain by the same treaty which secured the French rights. It is a point of honor, therefore, for the British government to "protect" those rights. Parliament will await the arrival of the colonial commissioners, and if the colony will refrain from precipitate measures until the arbitrators announce their decision, the trouble may be composed.

The only permanent solution of such a difficulty, however, lies in the extinction of the French rights. The great interest of Newfoundland is its fisheries, and it would seem to be impracticable that a foreign power should continue to have exclusive control for fishery purposes of an important part of the coast. It is one of the questions which, when they arise, can be wisely settled in one way only. The present feeling on the island recalls our own colonial excitement before the Revolution. The action of England is denounced as harsh, and there is even talk of possible separation. The situation is naturally trying. A British colony can hardly see with equanimity the British navy maintaining against British subjects a French right to exclusive privileges in the colony. Should the difference be irreconcilable, Parliament would doubtless acquiesce in a serious proposition of separation if it were evidently supported by the sentiment of the island. The colonial system in the old sense is vanishing. Military and naval stations which are essential to the British belt around the globe will be undoubtedly maintained. But al-

though England fought hard and long to retain her old American colonies, she would probably part with Newfoundland without a struggle if Newfoundland really wished to go.

THE INDIAN COMMISSIONER.

THE rumors of a request for the resignation of Indian Commissioner MORGAN probably indicate some trouble in the Indian Department. But the stories told of the circumstances must be received with extreme caution. It is said that he discriminates against Roman Catholic teachers. But the fact of the appointment of a Protestant teacher in place of a Catholic does not prove discrimination against Catholics. It may prove only that a sectarian intriguer has been displaced. Commissioner MORGAN says: "I have never made any distinction in the matter of religion in selecting teachers. In fact there have been cases where vacancies occurred in schools which have been under Catholic supervision, and I directed that preference be given to Catholic applicants for the positions."

It is well understood that a Catholic lobby is maintained at Washington, and exercises a strong influence upon Indian affairs. About a year ago Mr. KELSEY, a Protestant, was appointed agent at Green Bay in place of a Catholic. The Catholic school authorities refused to recognize him. The commissioner sent him word that if he did not attend to his duty he would be superseded, and Mr. KELSEY dismissed a Catholic "Sister," a teacher who deserted her school for several days without excuse. It is stated by a correspondent of the *Evening Post* that when it was decided that the Catholic agent should not be reappointed, Mr. MCCORD, the Republican Representative in Congress of the district which includes Green Bay, was warned by the Catholic authorities that if he did not procure the appointment of a Catholic successor he would be held accountable. The President, however, made the appointment, and not only were the Indians incited by Catholics to resist his authority, but they aided to defeat Mr. MCCORD's re-election.

These are the statements which are published in a responsible journal, and which are not doubted by those who are familiar with the situation in Washington. That a strong sectarian pressure was brought to bear against the confirmation of Commissioner MORGAN is well known, and those who are most familiar with the situation know the constant sectarian effort to obtain ascendency in the Indian Department. The Commissioner's frank opposition to a mere partisan and political management of the department has earned the hostility of the Indian ring, and his path is therefore beset with difficulty. But he says, it is to be hoped correctly, that the President acts deliberately, and will not demand the resignation of a public officer until a thorough investigation has been made of the charges against him.

THE REMOVAL OF WARDEN BRUSH.

EX-WARDEN BRUSH, of the State-prison at Sing Sing in New York, is widely known as an admirable officer in a position where experience is a most desirable qualification. He has been recently removed by Governor HILL without any "cause" which is announced or generally known. The removal is believed to be wholly due to the political plans of the Governor. In plain English, it is believed that if Mr. BRUSH were what is known as a HILL Democrat, he would have remained in his office.

If this belief be well founded, the Governor by dragging the prison administration into politics has committed an offence against the public welfare for his personal advantage. In Indiana the leading journal of the Governor's party has recently strongly and justly denounced the Democratic State Senators for defeating the bill which secured for the State charitable institutions a non-partisan management. The report of Mr. FOULKE six or seven years ago revealed in detail the shameful results of party and political administration of those institutions, and is a permanent and conclusive argument against such control. The argument is as unanswerable when applied to prison administration, and the dismissal of Warden BRUSH for mere political reasons is a wrong to the State.

But if it be wrong for the Governor to introduce politics into the prison, it is equally wrong for the Warden. It is alleged that he "did it first," and that he had taken such an active part in politics as ought not to be taken by a State officer holding such a position. If this be true, he has invited upon sound principles his own removal. As Mr. LINCOLN said to the postmaster during the war, "You have a right to your own political views and to vote as you please, but so has every one of your clerks, and you have no right to coerce them." A public officer in Mr. BRUSH's position cannot be an active politician without just public offence. We do not make the charge, for we do not know the fact, and we do know how easy it is to cause such a charge to be made without reason when a pretext for removal is desired. So far as appears, the removal of Warden BRUSH is wholly unjustifiable. The executive power of removal is unquestionable; but that its exercise for the reasons generally alleged in this case is a public wrong is equally unquestionable.

HOW TO CLEAN THE STREETS.

THE report of the advisory committee of citizens upon street-cleaning, appointed by Mayor GRANT, is an admirable document. The committee have done their work thoroughly and effectively. They have evidently had but one object in view, to ascertain the precise situation and to point out the remedy. The committee seem to have had no prejudice of any kind, and their report shows clearly that the problem of street-cleaning in New York is by no means insoluble. It is perfectly practicable to clean the streets if the people of the city wish to have them cleaned and will select the proper agents. **But it is clear that so long as the people choose to submit to Tammany Hall, they will pay enormously for dirty streets and the disgrace of the city.**

The report describes the inefficiency of the present system, and states its causes. It holds, however, that the present law, efficiently administered, is adequate to secure clean streets. But to efficient administration, the honest co-operation of the city departments, Police, Health, and Public Works, is essential. The report considers that the appropriation for street-cleaning is not large enough. Eighteen hundred thousand dollars a year, with proper provision for an increase to keep pace with the increasing work, would be probably sufficient. The committee say:

> "In our opinion the problem of street-cleaning is a problem more of organization and executive management than anything else. It requires the same kind of ability and training as is found in and developed by the transportation companies and other great corporations employing large bodies of men."

That is to say, if the work is to be well done, street-cleaning must be taken out of politics. This is the conclusion of common-sense, and the intelligence of the community will heartily approve the committee's opinion. The city, they say, should be divided into districts, each under a superintendent responsible to the general superintendent, and the conditions of efficiency are "the permanent employment of laborers selected under civil service regulations, the purchase of the necessary plant instead of hiring it, the cleaning of all paved streets by the block or patrol system, and the final disposition of material by contract." The committee is composed of practical business and professional men who have considered the question solely upon the ground of the public interest. It is therefore very interesting to observe their conclusion that for the trouble which has brought popular government in the city into contempt as utterly impotent to grapple with the most obvious necessity, that of clean streets, the simple, natural, and effective remedy is civil service reform, a phrase which means simply taking out of politics what does not belong to politics.

PROGRESSIVE LEGISLATION.

THE bill providing for the State care of the insane has been made effective by the passage of the necessary appropriation, and the sorry spectacle which has been offered by so many poorhouses of the neglect or inadequate care of those who require peculiar tenderness of care will cease. The State Board of Charities has been an efficient missionary of humanity by calling public attention every year to the condition of the county poorhouses, which have been very generally neglected by the neighborhood, and have been left to the care of county officers, who are often painfully unqualified for such a charge.

The President of the Board of Charities, Mr. OSCAR CRAIG, has been very active in the promotion of the change, which has been naturally resisted by many of the county officers, who have more than an official interest in maintaining the old system. The impulse which has resulted so happily came, we believe, from the State Charities Aid Association and its President, Miss SCHUYLER. The only serious objection that we have heard was made on the ground of inadequate State accommodation, and the unwisdom of massing insane patients in great institutions, which is contrary to the latest views of sanitary science in the treatment of the insane. But those objections are familiar to the active leaders of the change, and it may be safely assumed either that the new scheme will provide to avoid them, or that if an alternative is presented, State care is altogether preferable to county care.

As this good work is achieved, the Governor has signed the bill making mandatory the appointment of police matrons in cities of more than 25,000 inhabitants. The Governor declined to approve a mandatory law last year, trusting that the cities would avail themselves of the permissive clause. This they have not done, and he now willingly signs the bill, believing that in no other way can the good results sought by it, which we have heretofore stated, be accomplished. This law and the appropriation for the State care of the pauper insane are among the good works of this Legislature. Viewed politically, the performances of most Legislatures are not edifying. Their game of putting your opponent in a hole is familiar but childish. But acts like these, which remedy acknowledged wrongs, are the crown of a Legislature.

THEODORE THOMAS AND THE CHICAGO MUSICIANS.

THERE has been some excitement among professional musicians in Chicago arising from a statement that Mr. THEODORE THOMAS intended to bring musicians from abroad, and not to employ Chicago musicians in his new orchestral association. The feeling as reported was akin to that which would prohibit the importation of foreign pictures as injurious to the American painter. It is due to a wholly mechanical and unworthy view of art of any kind, as well as mistaken in itself. What buyers of pictures want is good pictures, and the exclusion of foreign works does not open a market for domestic pictures unless they are good, in which case the foreign importation makes no difference. Moreover, the introduction of good works wherever produced educates both the buyer and the artist, and promotes not only the public interest in art itself, but the private advantage of the artist.

This truth is well stated by Mr. THOMAS in reply to questions in Chicago. He said that the reported ill-feeling was due to misunderstanding, for every good musician knew that he was not unfriendly. The only difference between them was one of standard. Mr. THOMAS said characteristically that he should leave no stone unturned to uphold his standard and achieve the best artistic result. "Chicago musicians," he said, "must understand that this undertaking of the Chicago Orchestral Association, beginning next fall, is in the interest of art and not of business. **We do not come here to take away the business of any musician.** On the contrary, we hope to create a demand for musicians by arousing an interest in the community at large for good music."

This is admirably said. In a few words it states the aim and the result of any intelligent and well-equipped forward movement in any branch of art. Painters who regard painting pictures as a trade like painting carriages, will see with pleasure that the owners of the "Angelus" will be obliged to pay a heavy penalty when they attempt to bring the picture into this country. But the painter who knows that his art is not a trade, and that his work does not compete with the finest carriage painting, knows that the "Angelus" educates the public taste which he aims to please, and gives value to the picture that he paints. It is this fidelity to a high ideal in art, united with the power of inspiring his fellow-musicians with the same generous enthusiasm, which makes Mr. THOMAS so great a conductor and his departure from the city a public misfortune.

THE REV. DR. HOWARD CROSBY.

THE death of the Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY, who has been so active and so well known as a worker for the public and private good in New York city, is announced as this paper goes to press. His portrait is given on page 252, but a review of his life will have to be postponed until the next number of the WEEKLY.

PERSONAL.

COLONEL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN HARVEY has just been appointed by Governor ABBETT to be Commissioner of Banking and Insurance for the State of New Jersey. His appointment is another illustration of the encroaching domination of young men in Democratic politics. He is only twenty-seven years old, was born in Vermont, has lived in New Jersey for nearly six years, and for the past three years has been on the Governor's staff. He will have supervision of all the larger financial institutions of the State. The office is a new one, and its duties were formerly administered by the Secretary of State.

—WILLIAM MCLENNAN, whose short stories and sketches of the French Canadian *habitant* have made him a prophet even in his own country, is a well-known lawyer in Montreal. Some of the best of his stories are soon to appear in HARPER'S MONTHLY and in this periodical. Mr. WILLIAM D. HOWELLS believes he will do for the French Canadian what Mr. CABLE did for the French American of Louisiana.

—E. A. ABBEY, the artist, whose admirable Shakespearian sketches in HARPER'S MAGAZINE have attracted much attention, has a delightful retreat in Bedford Gardens, one of those charming country spots which can be found only in a big city like London. Here he has, among other treasures, a room transferred bodily from an old house in Essex, the oaken walls and the quaintly carved fire-place of which are centuries old. Mr. ABBEY is now off on an excursion to Italy to study scenes and places for his Shakespearian illustrations.

—HENRY FIELDING DICKENS, the Recorder of Deal, England, and the most capable of the sons left by the novelist, has successfully defended in court CHARLES LYDDON, the young medical student charged with poisoning his step-brother, Dr. W. R. LYDDON.

—Emperor WILLIAM is writing a life of his grandfather, and also a book of Norwegian travels.

—The fact that LAWRENCE BARRETT was a Freemason did not prevent a Roman Catholic priest from administering the last rites to him. Mr. BARRETT was buried in a Protestant cemetery at Cohassett, Massachusetts, there being no Catholic burying-ground in the town. The lot in which he rests was consecrated, however, and a priest said the prayers at the grave.

—Colonel CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON, who met with quite a serious accident recently while hunting for a volcano in Florida, is well known in New York literary circles. He was graduated from Yale in 1859, and enlisted when the war broke out. Since the restoration of peace he has been engaged in literary work, and has written several books.

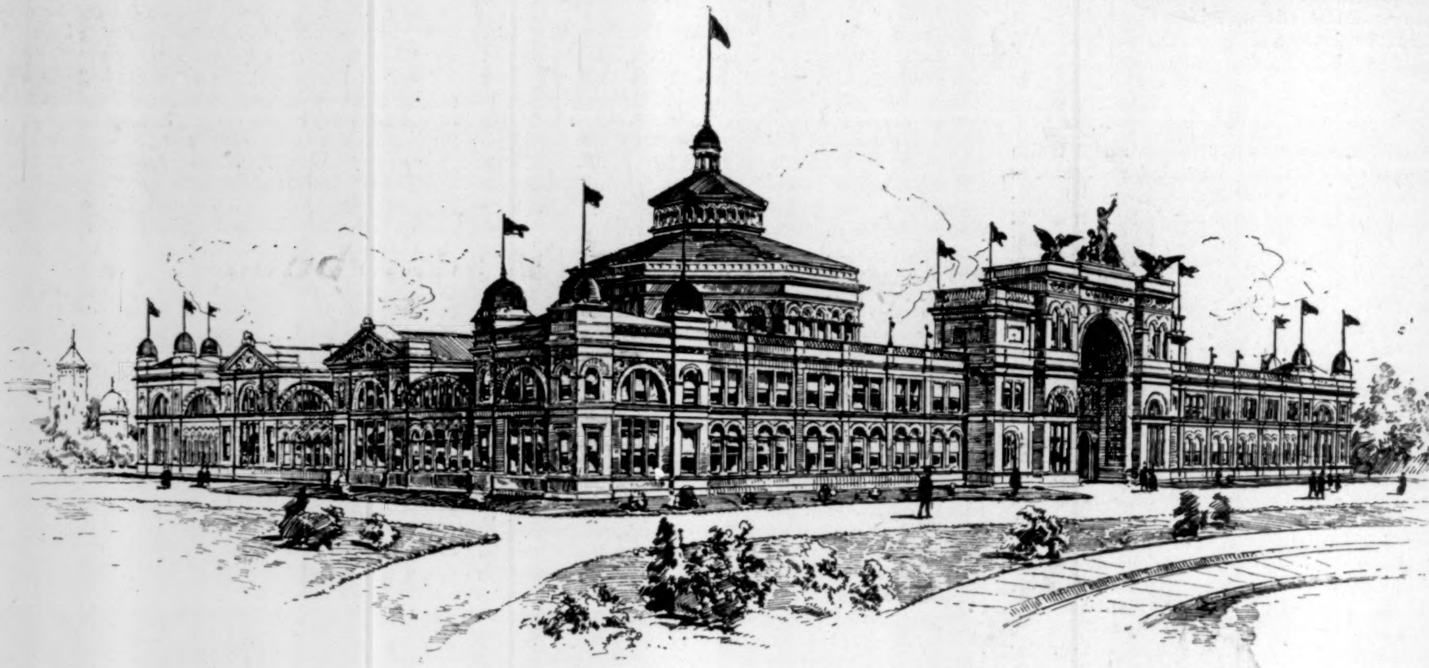
—Rev. HERMAN HALSEY, who was graduated from Williams College in 1811, died last week at East Wilson, New York, at the age of ninety-seven years. He was probably the oldest living college graduate in this country.

—The remains of ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, the historian, were cremated at Woking, England, and then taken in an urn to Pitminster, near Taunton, and deposited in the family burying-ground.

—The late Dr. LUDWIG WINDTHORST, the Roman Catholic leader in the German Reichstag, was most eccentric in appearance. For many years he was BISMARCK's most bitter opponent, his caustic wit and skill in parliamentary strategy causing the great Chancellor many uncomfortable moments.

—Professor CHARLES WALDSTEIN, the American archæologist, is making interesting discoveries among the ruins of Eretria on the island of Eubœa. The city was destroyed by the Persians 490 years B. C., and in his excavations Professor WALDSTEIN has found the remains of a theatre and a number of treasures, including gold diadems, jewels, vases, etc.

—The New York Chamber of Commerce treasures among its collection of historical relics, a "petition to Congress from citizens of New York for postal reform," which was circulated in 1856, and asked for a two-cent letter postage, a money-order system, and other things which have since become important features of the service. It is bound in red morocco, with gilt edges and lettering, and contains about ten thousand signatures, the first being that of JAMES HARPER. Among the other names of prominence are those of PETER COOPER, LEVI P. MORTON, GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT, WILLIAM H. SEWARD, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, HORACE GREELEY, HENRY J. RAYMOND, HENRY WARD BEECHER, ALEXANDER T. STEWART, E. D. MORGAN, DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, JOHN VAN BUREN, and Dr. VALENTINE MOTT.



THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING FOR THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE GOVERNMENT'S EXHIBIT AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

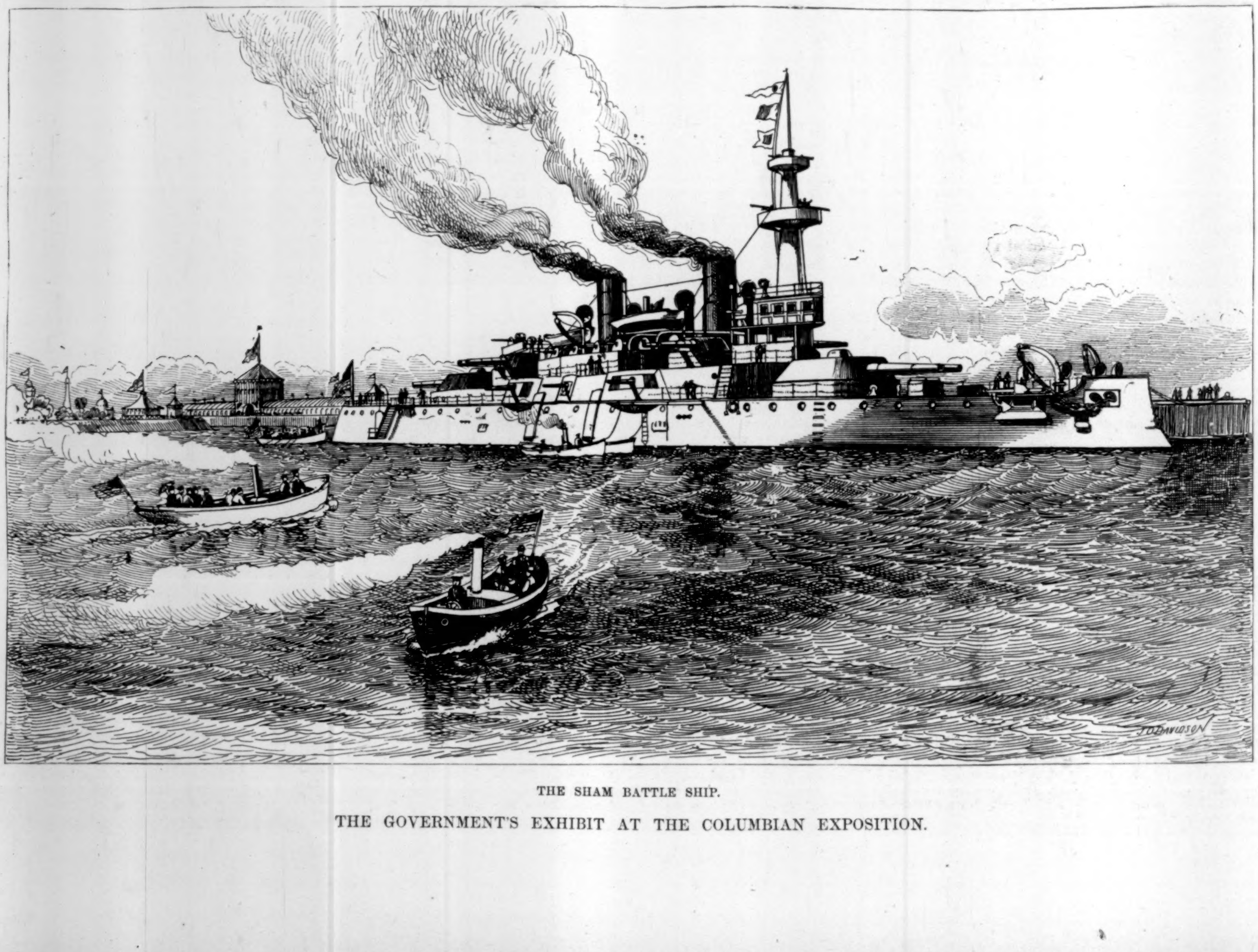
THE government's exhibit at the World's Fair in 1893 promises to be one of the most interesting features of the Exposition. The naval exhibit will certainly be so. James H. Windrim, Supervising Architect of the Treasury, presented an alternate plan for a government building last February.

This was offered at the invitation of some of the authorities, who believed that the plans already regarded as final were not sufficiently striking, and the new plans were made to show a structure of greater central elevation, of polygonal form, retaining the original outer lines, covering the space of 420 by 360 feet allotted to the uses of the government. The first plans were designed to provide a building within the cost of $400,000 authorized by the Congress. As the later, or "alternate," plan contemplated an expenditure of $800,000, and the Congress was opposed to extending the appropriation, the first plans were retained, and will be used in the construction of the building. There are as yet no plans of the details of the interior, either to show location of exhibits or style. A tentative plan, by which to indicate that the departments of the government, except the navy, will be provided for under one roof, has been made. These departments, together with the Smithsonian Institution and the Fish Commission, will be grouped about a central court of octagonal form, with the main entrance on the lake front. The appropriation for the building is not large enough to permit of elaborate architecture, or the indulgence in a taste for much ornamentation.

The most popular feature of the exhibition will be the exhibit of the Navy Department. Captain R. W. Meade, U.S.N., suggested some time ago that as the navy would have a large and very interesting contribution to make to the Exposition, it would be desirable to present it as an object-lesson, in a structure resembling as closely as possible one of the latest designs of the constructors of our navy for a powerful man-of-war. The suggestion met with prompt approval, both for its novelty and its practicability. Instead of arranging the exhibit of the Navy Department in a hall, it will be put in a structure resembling in every detail a 10,000-ton coast-line battle ship, like the *Indiana*, the *Massachusetts*, or the *Oregon*, now building. It is considered desirable by the inventor of this design that the building should be erected at the lake front, but unless the local board in Chicago will expend the money required to erect a breakwater, it may be necessary to sacrifice the realism that would be secured by constructing the model of the ship upon piles driven into the bottom of the lake, and set it up on shore near the government building.

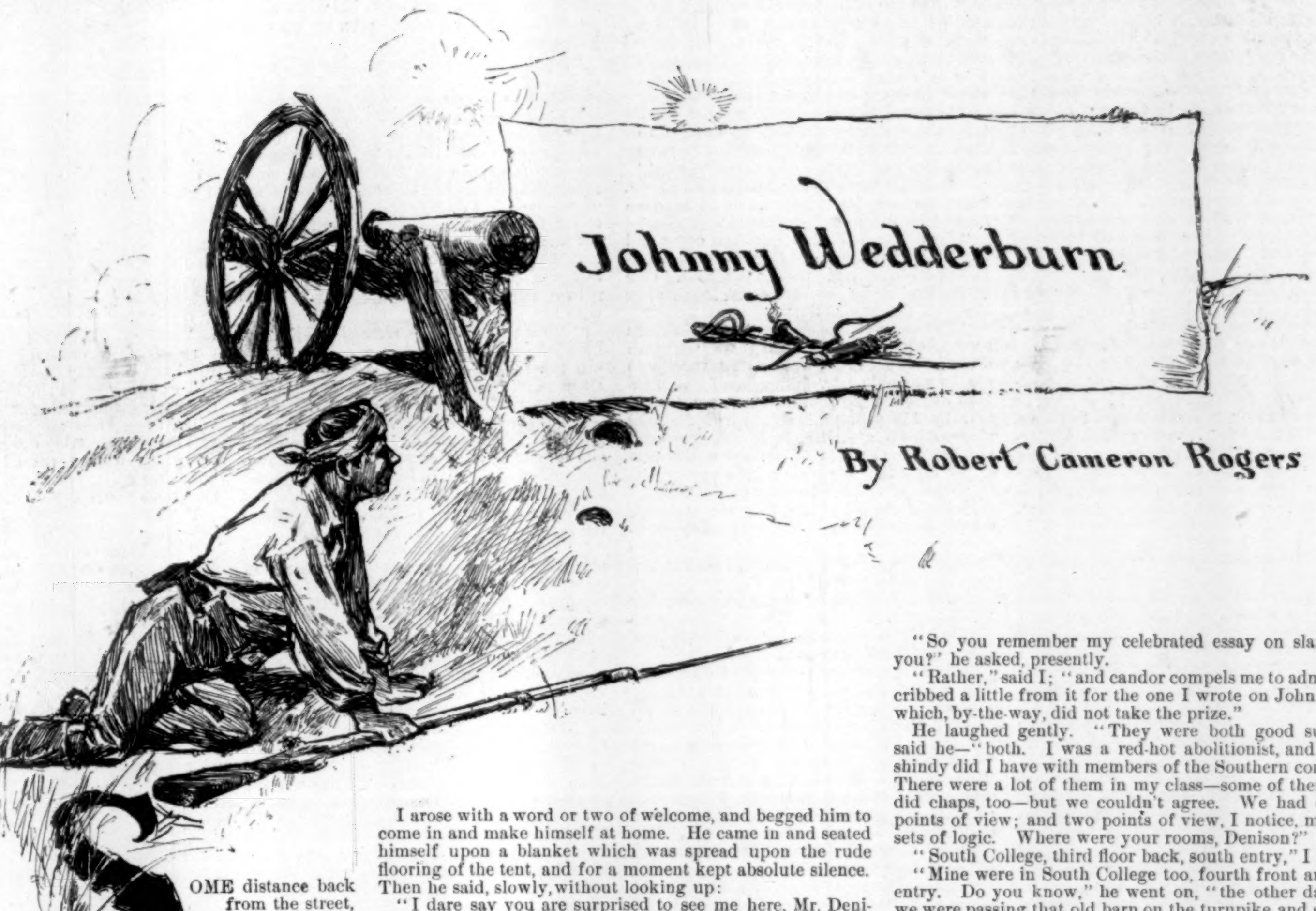
The model will be 348 feet in length and 69 feet in width, and to all appearance will be identical with the battle ship that will cost $3,000,000. The materials of construction will be brick, iron, and wood, and plaster will be combined with paint in effective imitation of iron and steel. Upon this model ship there will be mounted fifty guns of all calibres, from the great 13-inch monster, that carries a projectile weighing eleven hundred pounds, to the one-pounder rapid-fire guns and the Gatlings. Everything appertaining to the fully equipped battle ship will be seen in its proper place. Turrets, torpedo-boats, torpedo nets and booms, boats, anchors, chain-cables, davits, awnings, deck fittings, and the appliances for working all of these things, will be shown. The 13-inch guns, of which there are four, will be models, as the real gun and carriage weigh 115½ tons, and would require a building of great strength for support. Officers and seamen and marines will be detailed to illustrate the discipline and mode of life on shipboard. The superstructure will show the cabins, state-rooms, mess-rooms, galley, mess tables for the crew, lockers, and other fittings. There will be opportunity to exhibit on the berth-deck the machinery by which the ship will be operated, charts and instruments of navigation, ordnance implements, including electrical devices, gun-carriage motors, range-finders, models of type ships, and samples of provisions, clothing, bunting, signals, and flags. There will also be portraits of naval heroes from the time of Paul Jones to Farragut, Foote, and Porter, and the costumes of the navy from 1774 to the present time will be worn by the attendants.

Soon after the proposal was made to put the naval exhibit in a model, it was objected to by persons who thought it would provoke ridicule of the navy. This feeling has been largely dispelled by the prompt adoption in England of Captain Meade's idea. At the naval exhibition to be held at Chelsea during the coming fall, the most attractive feature, it is expected, will be a full-size model, built upon a lawn, of Lord Nelson's *Victory* as she appeared at the battle of Trafalgar. Captain Meade's suggestion has been received also with enthusiastic approval in the French papers, which have published illustrations of it, accompanied by elaborate descriptions. What the Navy Department also hope is that the Western people of the prairie will take an interest in the navy when they see what one of her ships of war is like, and will not grudge in future $3,000,000 for one ship.



THE SHAM BATTLE SHIP.

THE GOVERNMENT'S EXHIBIT AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.



Johnny Wedderburn

By Robert Cameron Rogers

SOME distance back from the street, screened by a hedge and a few shade trees from the broad scrutiny of passers-by, stands the old Wedderburn house.

Across the square and up and down the adjacent thoroughfares an endless train of carts ,vans, street cars, and carriages rumbles and clatters the greater part of the twenty-four hours.

But the uproar never seems to break in upon or dispel the air of complete repose which surrounds the old mansion. The very dust appears to settle with a certain deference over the garden and through the branches of the elm-trees which stand like drowsy sentinels just within the yard. The Wedderburn place is like a half-hour stolen for meditation out of a busy day. It is a little Mecca in the midst of the work-a-day world unto which you may turn to meditate awhile on remote and quiet themes, and, even as the Moslem leaves his shoes without the mosque, bid the questions and anxieties of life await you at the gate.

Within the house is the same atmosphere of rest, tinged, you might say, with sadness. The shadow of some lingering sorrow, softened and mellowed by time, seems mingled with the calm and quiet of the dusky rooms. As you tread through the long hall, the soft odd-patterned rugs hush the footfall into silence. The old-fashioned furniture meets your gaze, seeming to say, softly, "We are long in the family, and have memories."

In the library, above the fireplace, hangs a portrait of a young man in the uniform of an officer. At one side of the hearth is a little table loaded with books—all of them relating to the war—sketches of this or that battle, plans of campaigns, and military biography, and poring over these you will often find an old white-haired gentleman with mild face and manner, strangely belying his choice of literature. Let him, however, be assured of your sympathetic attention, and his eye will fire and his face kindle as he points to the portrait above the mantel-shelf and tells you it is his only son. Killed at Fredericksburg—nearest of all his division to the fatal stone wall—twice brevetted, after death, for gallantry.

And as he speaks and his voice falters, partly from sorrow and partly from exultation, you are aware that the outside world has moved forward twenty-five years, and left this old man to his past, with its agony and its pride, and the atmosphere of a quarter of a century ago brooding over all.

This is how I first became acquainted with Johnny Wedderburn.

During the interim between the Maryland campaign and the battle of Fredericksburg the Army of the Potomac lay for a time almost inert, and the opportunity for social intercourse, always considerable in an army of American volunteers, never passed unimproved.

Many a night the officers of our brigade met over some steaming brew to tell stories and exalt the fame of our respective regiments.

Those of "ours" were all simple, jovial, rather devil-may-care fellows, save one—the captain of the company in which I held a lieutenancy.

I knew him very slightly, for he had been recently transferred to us from another corps, and he seemed, moreover, of a reserved and taciturn disposition. He would sit for an hour at a time in almost absolute silence, answering by nods, or as briefly as possible, questions or remarks of his companions. He was a gentleman, apparently; was kind and thoughtful in his treatment of the men in his company, and had shown himself a good soldier—in fact had greatly distinguished himself for bravery at Antietam. This was about all that any one knew of Captain Wedderburn.

One evening in the middle of October, as I sat in my tent reading a copy of the New York *Tribune*—the mail had just arrived—I was astonished to hear Wedderburn's voice at the door, asking if he might enter.

I arose with a word or two of welcome, and begged him to come in and make himself at home. He came in and seated himself upon a blanket which was spread upon the rude flooring of the tent, and for a moment kept absolute silence. Then he said, slowly, without looking up:

"I dare say you are surprised to see me here, Mr. Denison?"

"Why, yes, captain, to tell the truth, I am," I answered, wondering what was forth-coming.

"Well," he continued, "I came here because I wanted to know you; I wanted some one to talk with. I know you will think I might have gotten to know you at mess, and have had plenty of chances to talk my fill with my brother officers at night, but somehow I am not in sympathy with the others. They are all good fellows, but I am not much of a joker; and as for talking, they would find me very dull, for I have but little to say which would interest them. I saw after a while that you were different. I found that we grew up at the same college—you graduated last summer, I think I heard you say; I, five years ago—and so I felt as if, should you care to know me better, I should be glad to go, as I have gone, more than half way."

He looked up now for the first time since he began to speak. He had an attractive face. His chin was well moulded, his mouth firm, and his nose slightly aquiline; his eyes were blue and passive. I always felt, when looking in them, that once they had been very bright, but that some flame within his nature had gone out, and they had cooled into their present dull blue. His head was shapely, and his hair brown, slightly tinged with gray. As he caught my glance he smiled—his smile was very pleasant—and held out his hand.

I took it and clasped it warmly. "Two men from the same college," I said, "should be good friends. I guess a brother of yours was in my class—Frank Wedderburn."

"No," said he; "a cousin; with Rosecrans now, in the West."

"You are the John Wedderburn, aren't you," I continued, "who wrote the prize essay on slavery?"

"I am the man," he answered. "Got a pipe?"

I tossed him one, and for a time we talked of old college memories and associations.

"Yes," he said, after some time passed in this manner, "I am very glad to know you, Jervis Denison. I was simply drying up in my desire to talk with some one who would be, as the Italians say, 'sympatica,' and now I've found you."

"Talk away," I interrupted; "I'm a grand listener; a regular Dominie Sampson."

"Oh, I haven't come around with any set speeches," he continued, with a smile. "I only wanted to make a friend of you, Denison, and know that when I did talk some one would listen with a friend's charity. I'm not much of a talker. I once talked too much—far too much. Since then I've given it up."

He smoked for some little time in silence, listening rather abstractedly to an editorial which I read aloud; then he looked suddenly in my face and said, in a husky voice, "Did you ever hear it said in the brigade or anywhere else that I was a coward?"

"You a coward, Wedderburn!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "Why, man, your record at Antietam is the pride and talk of the regiment."

He smiled, and it gave his face an almost boyishly pleased expression—such an expression as it must have worn when he took his first college honors. "Do they talk of it?" he said. "I never heard them."

"They do, all the same," I answered; "and if you were not such a hermit you would know it as well as I."

"So no one here thinks me a coward," murmured Wedderburn, half to himself, the happy, gratified look still lingering on his face. "Well, I hardly supposed any one here would." Then, with a different ring in his voice, he said: "And yet one year ago, Denison, if you had been in my native city, you would have heard that on all sides—that I was a coward, a boaster, a man who could not make his brave words good, a— But I won't go on now; it was a lie, Denison—a lie. There were only three or four who didn't think it the truth. My father, my mother, my own family, believed in me; and there might have been one more—one more."

He spoke these last words almost to himself, and as he paused, clasping his hands about his knees, the old weary look came into his eyes. When he spoke again, it was of old college days.

"So you remember my celebrated essay on slavery, do you?" he asked, presently.

"Rather," said I; "and candor compels me to admit that I cribbed a little from it for the one I wrote on John Brown; which, by-the-way, did not take the prize."

He laughed gently. "They were both good subjects," said he—"both. I was a red-hot abolitionist, and many a shindy did I have with members of the Southern contingent. There were a lot of them in my class—some of them splendid chaps, too—but we couldn't agree. We had different points of view; and two points of view, I notice, make two sets of logic. Where were your rooms, Denison?"

"South College, third floor back, south entry," I replied.

"Mine were in South College too, fourth front and south entry. Do you know," he went on, "the other day, when we were passing that old barn on the turnpike, and saw such a swarm of swallows darting in and out under the roof, I was thinking of old South College; and I said to myself, if all the hopes and dreams and fancies that cling under those rusty college eaves were changed to swallows, what a cloud of them there would be! And some of them would fly right in at my old windows, too—a good many, in fact; but they wouldn't find me, and my successor would have a flock of his own. Poor old hopes!" he said, sadly. "My room was a paradise for them. Do you know Thackeray's 'Cane-bottom Chair,' Denison?

'Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four flights of stairs.'

Yes, and I had a cane-bottom chair, and it had its story too; but never mind that now. College is a great place for dreaming, but you'd best wake up when you take your degree. Don't wait for the world to awaken you. It is apt to do so without gloves." Wedderburn stopped and looked at his watch. "What, a quarter of ten!" said he. "That means turn in for me. Good-night, Denison." As he shook hands again: "We shall be friends, sha'n't we? Come to my quarters to-morrow night. There is just a drop left in the flask, and we'll 'let the cannikin clink.' Good-night."

When you are liable to be ordered into battle at any moment and lose your life, it seems to me that the friendships you then form, not knowing when they may be broken by death, grow close and strong in a much briefer period than they would in more peaceful days. Such, at least, was my experience in my friendship with John Wedderburn, or "Johnny," as he told me he was usually called.

The more I saw of him the more attached I became to him. His conduct at Antietam, which had won him the admiration of the brigade, had surrounded him with a charm impossible for any youthful and enthusiastic nature long to resist. Indeed, aside from this, it would have been hard for any one not to like Johnny Wedderburn had he tried to gain one's regard.

He had his full share of faults, but he had also a keen appreciation of the fact. He was singularly fond of approbation and praise, yet modest to the point of absurdity.

He was twenty-seven years of age, and at times looked much older; yet when something pleased him, and he shook off his moodiness and laughed, his face was that of a boy of eighteen.

All in all, I found him a most attractive man and delightful companion, and our acquaintance speedily developed into a firm friendship.

One day about the middle of November, Wedderburn, as soon as he was off duty, came to me and said he had a great deal to tell me; that we could get permission that afternoon to take a long walk beyond the pickets, and then we could talk without interruption. His manner was eager and nervous, and all his movements were indicative of suppressed emotion. I promised gladly to go with him, and that afternoon we wandered far afield.

Pausing at last, Wedderburn flung himself on the hard dry ground and said, "Sit down, Jervis; I want to tell you my history."

"Let me light up," said I, striking a match. "Now go on."

"You know already," he began, "who I am and where I came from."

"Yes," I assented.

"You suspect I came away under a cloud?"

"No, Johnny," I answered, warmly; "unless, perhaps, of sorrow."

"Thank you," said he, quickly. "I knew you were the right sort when I first laid eyes upon you. I am like the Ancient Mariner:

'The moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me.'

Well, you must hear me now, old fellow." He sat a moment in silence. "Yes," said he at length, "there was no cloud save that of misunderstanding and sorrow. When Sumter was fired on, I was twenty-five. I was a rabid abolitionist, a fierce partisan of Lincoln. My people were all fighters. My grandfather fought the British in 1812; his father, in 1776. 'Way back, when my people were Scotch, my ancestors fought for the Solemn League and Covenant at Bothwell Brig. So, you see, when the rumors and threats of war came from the South my blood began to stir, and I didn't bridle my tongue. I pledged myself to raise a company in case war came. I said I would go as a private if I could go no other way. I inveighed bitterly against all copperheads, and even loyal men who wanted merely to avert bloodshed until all honorable means to adjust matters had been tried fell under the ban of my outspoken displeasure. Oh, I made an ass of myself, never fear!" said Johnny, with a short laugh. "I talked too much, as I once told you before. Well, at this time I was—I was"—he hesitated a moment—"I was very much interested in—you've heard of her; she's been in New Haven—Esther Morris. Did I say interested? I may as well say plainly I loved her as I sometimes think a man is a fool to love a woman. There was another man, an acquaintance of mine, Arthur Sanford, one of those 'faultily faultless' men, quiet, gentlemanly, handsome, but conceited and selfish as Lucifer; though perhaps I wrong him. I dare say I do."

Wedderburn stopped a moment, and played absent-mindedly with a bit of stick he had picked up.

"He was more attractive than I," he resumed, "and perhaps he was a better man; but he never loved her as I did. I loved her more than I did myself, and that says a great deal. He—he loved her *almost* as well as he did himself. But, after all—after all, that says the most."

He broke into a bitter laugh, and flung fiercely from him the stick he had been holding.

"Well," he went on, "Sanford was not much of a war man. He used to say there would be no trouble, there would be a compromise. He thought Lincoln a boor, and was glad he hadn't voted for him. As for enlisting, he would do so if there were to be a serious war; but for a picnic, a raid in Virginia corn fields, he was not to be counted in. All this talk angered me intensely. I never liked him. I bitterly resented his intimacy with Esther Morris, though Heaven knows I had no claim on her; and this, added to my strong feeling on the subject of secession and the war, rendered trouble with him almost unavoidable. I was commissioned lieutenant in a regiment which was being raised in our neighborhood, and we were expecting to be ordered to Washington at any moment. Somehow we were slow in our equipment—why I don't know—and it was the middle of July, and still we had not gone to the front. I was exceedingly impatient, but my mother was very ill, and it seemed to brighten her up so when she heard we were not going at once that I was in a measure glad of the delay. All the time, however, I kept talking, saying sometimes more than I meant, sometimes things that meant nothing. One night I came into the club from drill. In one corner of the reading-room stood Sanford and several others chatting together. As I entered, they were discussing some proposed dance or other, and I heard Sanford mention the name of Esther Morris. The devil in my nature began to stir, and mechanically, as if following some impulse I could not overcome, I joined the group.

"'Well, Sanford,' said I, 'I see that there is a prospect of a big fight in a day or two.'

"'Is that so?' he answered, civilly, and then went on with his previous conversation. 'Yes,' I remember, he said—'yes, the pavilion is too large for only three pieces; we must have at least two more.'

"Once again I broke in: 'It will be an exciting time in Washington, won't it? I dare say every Democrat in the Capitol will be on his knees praying for victory for the —— side that party favors.'

"There were several Democrats in the group besides Sanford, and after a moment of surprised silence following my speech, one said, 'Jack, what's the use of insulting your friends?'

"'He merely wants to talk a little shop,' said Sanford, coolly. 'He is in his uniform, you see, and can't help it.' He turned his back once more, and resumed his former talk. 'Yes,' he said, 'Charley, two more fiddles at least.'

"'Nero fiddled while Rome was burning,' I observed, slowly, and with as much meaning as possible, 'and Sanford wants two more fiddles at least to play while his country goes to the devil.'

"He turned upon me like a flash. 'Wedderburn,' he said, 'I've had enough of this. I don't want a quarrel, but you would provoke a saint.'

"'Apparently,' I answered, with a sneer, 'for I seem to have provoked you.'

"His face flushed a fiery red. 'What do you mean?' he cried. '—— you, I'll make you apologize.' He sprang toward me, but the others held him back.

"I was willing and eager to meet him. 'Let him go,' I said, giving way to all the feeling within me. 'Let him go. I mean he's a hypocrite. I mean he's a coward—yes, a coward. That's all I mean.'

"Oh, my God! if I could only have seen a little ahead! But I was insane that night. I think I was. I hope so—I hope so.

"Well, the others let him go. The insult was too gross for them to attempt to keep him from resenting it on the spot. They let him go, and I supposed he would be at my throat at once. But no; he was too shrewd not to see what a false position I was in, and how to render it doubly false. At first he stepped toward me; then he paused.

"'I'm no brawler or bully,' he said, hoarsely. 'I'm a gentleman, and anything you or such as you may say cannot insult me or make any gentleman believe me a coward.'

"I should have struck him before he finished speaking, but they stood in between us, and he presently left the room.

"Two days later Bull Run had come and passed, and in our city Democrats and Republicans alike were going to the front. One of the first to apply for a commission after the great defeat was Sanford.

"The story of our quarrel at the club was soon all about the town, and it was told with a variety of accounts, none very favorable to me, as was only fair. All agreed that Sanford had acted the part of a true gentleman, and by his prompt action when the war showed itself a serious fact had disproved any suspicion of lack of courage on his part either regarding the war or my insults.

"Well, now I am coming to the worst," said Wedderburn; and he paused a moment, taking a long breath, like a man about to plunge into cold water. "A week before my regiment expected to start South the doctor came to me and said:

"'Johnny, if you go to the war it's going to kill your mother. She can't last more than a year at the most, but she'll die in a week if you go. She can't stand it.'

"'But I'm enlisted, doctor,' I said, 'and I've a commission, and must go. Why, good heavens! what would people say and think? Oh, I can't stay home. You'll find, too, that it will hurt her much more to see me skulking at home when others are doing their duty. Why, she often said she would send me if I didn't go myself.'

"The doctor smiled. 'They all say that until it comes to the pinch, and—well, I've done my duty. I tell you it's going to kill her as sure as I stand here!'

"His manner was so serious that I could not doubt his sincerity. 'If this is true,' I said at last, 'I won't go.' And I went to my room and passed the bitterest hour of my life." Johnny's voice grew hoarse with suppressed feeling.

"I knew what it meant," he went on. "I knew how all would say I was a brave holiday soldier, a fine talker, and all that. I saw, with the most poignantly painful clearness, how the words I heaped on Sanford's shoulders were going to be brought home to me. I knew how well he stood with Esther Morris, and I could see the look which would cross her face when she heard that Johnny Wedderburn, who had cried out his patriotism and martial valor from the house-tops, and had insulted with taunts of cowardice a better man than himself, was showing the white feather—flinching from duty and danger. Women hate cowards. They've less charity for cowardice than for any other failing—much less than men have." Wedderburn's voice had fallen again into his old sad monotone, and he was looking steadily before him.

"Well," he resumed, "when I left my room, if you had said my hair had turned white I should have believed you. I went into my mother's room. I wanted it over as soon as possible. I found her sitting by a window in a large invalid's chair. I leaned over and kissed her, and she put her arm about my neck and held my head close to hers.

"'When does the regiment leave, Johnny?' she said, with a pathetic effort to speak unconcernedly.

"'It's going without me,' I said. 'I'm not going yet. There are plenty besides me, and I won't leave my dear mother till she's well again.'

"She kissed me, and dropping her arm to her side, leaned her head back in the chair. Her eyes were closed, but I saw the tears slipping from under the lids, and as I wasn't certain of myself, and didn't want her to see what an effort I was making to appear resigned, I started to leave the room. Before I reached the door I heard her calling me. I went back. She took my hand in her two little thin ones, and looked at me in a way I'll never forget.

"'My boy,' she said,

"'"The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring."'

"I won't say what I did then, only I swore I would never leave her, and I didn't.

"My father's influence got me relieved from my place in the regiment, and I staid home. It was just as I knew it would be. I became speedily a mark for the finger of scorn. Even those who had never thought of going had a hearty contempt for me as a recreant, I suppose. You see, I had talked so much, been so fierce. Oh, well, well, verily I had my reward! Day after day, month in and out, I used to go to my little office, looking neither to the right nor to the left. One day, I remember, I stopped to watch a regiment which was marching from one railway station to another. A crowd of young men stood close behind me. Presently the band struck up 'When Johnny comes marching Home'; and some one back of me said, 'Johnny hasn't left home yet'; then another voice said, 'Hush! he'll hear you'; and the first speaker laughed, and said, 'Never mind; he's harmless.'

"I was beside myself; I could have done almost anything in my rage; but after a moment I controlled myself. 'It's my reward,' I thought; 'let it go.'

"And so things went along. My father and sister saw how I was suffering, but before mother I kept a smiling face. One evening last spring, as I was coming drearily home, looking, I suppose, thin and pale and generally used up, I met, for the first time in many months, Esther Morris. Could I have avoided meeting her I should have done so, but she was too near. I didn't think she would speak to me, but she did, and stopped and gave me her hand, and asked me why I had not been near her in so long a time. I said several things of a commonplace, rather incoherent nature, and turned and walked to her gate with her.

"After that the skies seemed to brighten. I called soon upon Esther, and her manner was so cordial that I felt she understood how I was placed, and I thought in my heart, if she does, the public may go hang itself. I was too proud to ever breathe a word, even to my friends, in explanation of my conduct, and they had finally come to adopt the popular verdict. Often, indeed, had the doctor indignantly denied that I had done aught but my simple duty, and had told the truth of the matter.

"'That is all well enough, what Dr. Ellis says,' would be the general criticism; 'but his mother is the last person to keep him from his duty. How glibly he called Sanford a coward! He knows now how that word feels in a man's face.'

"Oh, I had no pity, Jervis. They pitied my parents for having such a child, and old men shook their heads sorrowfully over Francis Wedderburn's poltroon of a son.

"Do you know," said Johnny, as he stopped a minute, "when I die I sha'n't go to hell; I've had my share in this world." He was almost breathless with excitement, and he paused for some little time.

"Yes," he continued at length, "I thought Esther understood it all, and so I went there week after week. The result might have been foreseen. I had always loved her, at least it seems so to me, and when, with all the world against me and a cloud over my reputation, she stood my friend, do you wonder that love intensified? We never mentioned the war but in the most general terms. We never spoke of my personal troubles, though I longed often to do so. I was afraid she would think me making excuses, and she, it seems, was afraid to hurt me; she didn't understand, after all. She was only pitying me, that's all.

"Well, summer came at last, and with it the unsuccessful peninsular campaign. After Malvern Hill, a number of the officers of regiments from our locality came home on leave; among them Arthur Sanford, promoted to captaincy for bravery at Glendale.

"One night, as I came up the walk to the Morris house, I saw two people on the porch in the warm July twilight. One was Esther; the other, I saw when too near to turn back, was Sanford. There was nothing to do but go on, so I gained the porch, shook hands with Esther, and turned slowly toward Sanford. He sat as if perfectly unconscious of my existence. I felt the old hate rising in my heart; but nevertheless, as God is my judge, had he spoken to me, or even bowed, I should have humbly asked his pardon for the words of a year ago; but he never looked at me.

"'Don't you know Mr. Wedderburn, Captain Sanford?' Esther said, with a little trepidation, for she keenly appreciated the situation.

"He turned his head and looked coolly at me. 'Oh yes,' said he, 'I knew him as Lieutenant Wedderburn. We were in the same regiment until it started to the front.'

"There, Jervis," said Wedderburn, halting his story a moment; "was I not right in instinctively hating such a man—a man who hits another when he's down, who insults, before the woman he loves, a poor wretch with his hands tied? What do you think I did? Nothing! I put the affront by, and sat quietly down. Jervis, I wasn't angry. I was almost happy. I said to myself: 'We're quits, Arthur Sanford; before God and my conscience we're quits. Yes, and more than quits. You're in the wrong now.'

"I saw Esther was quite distressed by what had been said, and, fool that I was, I mistook the motive again. Pity may be akin to love, but it isn't love, all the same. I said good-night in a short time and went home.

"A few days later, on a quiet Sunday afternoon, when the only sound in the air was the sound of church bells, my mother died. A fortnight more, and I had a commission as second lieutenant in a regiment just being formed in a little town where my mother was born. How proud my father and sister were! The old governor would like to have gone with me; he was all on fire, and had been, in fact, since Sumter. Some kind Providence had kept from his ears the gossip about his cowardly son, and he talked as freely and contentedly of my patriotic nature, and how I had curbed my warlike impatience for a year on account of my mother, as if the ears that heard him believed each word.

"Well, before I started I went over to the Morrises' once again. It was not yet generally known that I was going, and Esther, who had been away, had not heard."

Wedderburn stopped now quite abruptly. I saw he was trembling as if he were cold. I told him I was afraid he was becoming chilled, but he simply shook his head.

"And now," he said, presently, "I come to my final mistake. I never want to make another like it. Well, I never can; I shall never be in the same position again." His voice was quite low and unsteady. "I found Esther alone, and without any delaying I told her what she knew. I told her— But never mind; it's of no consequence what I said. I had made a mistake, Jervis—an awful mistake. No matter what she told me; I can't remember all; only I know she made me feel that there was a difference between compassion and love, kind-hearted toleration and affection; and then she said something that showed me that she too believed that I was flinching from danger, and my foolish pride sprang up, and I would not say a word in my defence. She might have believed me if I had, and she might not. I would not even say I was preparing to go to the front. I did not even say good-by. I took my hat, and went slowly to the door. She followed me, saying something or other in her kind voice, to comfort me perhaps. I knew she was standing looking after me, and half-way down the walk I turned and went swiftly back. 'You are wrong! you are wrong! God bless you! Good-by.'"

Wedderburn stopped, and sat a long time in silence, with his face turned away.

"You know the rest of my history," he said at last. "My first fight was Manassas. I remember still the queer feeling when I went in. Why, Jervis," said Johnny, with a bitter laugh, "I had been considered a coward so long that I didn't feel sure myself it wasn't true, and when the balls began to sing and the men to drop, and I didn't want to run away, I felt a sort of ecstasy. At Antietam, you know, I was promoted from second lieutenant to captain, and— Well, now you know my life." He was silent a moment; then he exclaimed, suddenly, putting his hand into his coat pocket: "Why, here, I forgot something—the very thing that brought on all this afternoon's talk. See here what came for me today."

He handed a letter to me, and told me to read it aloud. It was dated from his native city, and ran as follows:

"Dear Johnny,—You must let me write just a word to say how it pleased me to see your name mentioned for gallantry at Antietam. I want you to know how proud I am to have such a friend, and I want to tell you what I wished to tell you for a long time, that is, how brave you were all last year, and how wretchedly we all misunderstood you. I was wrong, as you said when you went away—all wrong—and I ask your forgiveness for what I once thought and said, and I am glad I know a real hero.

"Ever sincerely your friend,
"Esther Morris."

"She says she's mistaken. Hand me the letter. 'I was wrong'—she understands now—and 'she's glad she knows a real hero.'" He began to laugh suddenly in a half-sobbing manner, but with the pleased boyish expression on his face which I had often observed before. "She calls me a hero, Jervis."

I flung my arm around his neck. "And so do I, my dear old boy; and you are one, too."

"Oh, the devil I am!" said he. "You keep on, and I'll begin soon to believe it myself; then I shall be unendurable. Come, let's go along. You see, I wanted to tell you all, and show you that letter, and let you know how happy I am—happier than I've been for so many months."

He slipped his arm through mine, and we walked briskly back to the camp.

After this day we had many confidential talks, and I was greatly touched to see how Wedderburn kept by him that little letter. It was as precious to him as a bit of the true cross to a palmer.

"It's all I have," he once said to me, "and it makes me proud of myself to read it, and it makes me think things might have gone differently if mistakes hadn't come."

But now my story is drawing to a close.

It was the afternoon of the 13th of December, 1862, and we were forming for a charge behind a low sheltering ridge about four hundred yards distant from the base of Mary's Heights. All day we had listened to the roar of cannon and the clatter of musketry, and now, at about four o'clock, as the first shadows of dusk drew near, we were to figure in the closing scene of the tragedy known as the battle of Fredericksburg.

The history of the battle is well known. The repeated charges, the obstinate valor of men, falling by hundreds, and with little hope of their comrades avenging them, the agony of unavoidable defeat, the bitter sense of barren heroism—all this is history, and stands to the everlasting glory of the Army of the Potomac.

My story deals alone with the final act, and with an episode merely—one of those events that history does not chronicle, but which live for a time in sympathetic memories, and then the world knows of them no more.

We were in Humphrey's division; and when toward the end of that tragic afternoon we heard that we were about to charge, all of us knew what it meant. We had watched charge after charge go before us into that hell of smoke and flame and death. Then after a while we had seen them—all that was left of them, scattered handfuls, fragments of regiments—fall bitterly back across the plain, and we knew the flower of the army lay dead and dying under the shroud of the smoke along the open stretch beyond us.

We knew a similar fate awaited us, yet never a man wavered. Wedderburn stood near me.

"We're going in, old man," he said, his face aglow with excitement. "There's a stone wall and a ditch at the foot of the hill, they say, but we can get over it. At least, by the Lord! we can try, and at any rate die game in the ditch. We are going to die game, aren't we, boys?" he said to his men. "We've got to die some time, and now is as good a time as any."

He had hardly ceased speaking when the order came. With a cheer we sprang from our shelter; a breathless moment, and we were in the midst of the shrieking death about. Across the bare plateau, seamed here and there with fences, we hold our course, our eyes fixed upon the terrible heights and the fringe of fire along their base. Men soon begin to drop rapidly, at first in twos and threes, then in scores; we are charging with fixed bayonets; not a loaded gun in the division; we are the forlorn hope, and we all know it.

On, on still, and on.

Men, the drift from previous charges, who have lingered in partially protected nooks, cheer wildly as we pass; some spring up and join us.

Still on. The dead and wounded lie strewn so thickly up the slopes we cannot avoid them as we go.

Suddenly we come to a great number of men lying on their faces, shielded by a little depression of the ground; men of a former charge, too brave to retreat, unable to advance further, holding desperately the position so dearly gained.

As we pass over and through them, many call on us to stop; not to go on to certain and useless death; to lie down by them. Some of the men obey their words; others curse them, and strike at the uplifted hands that seize them as they pass.

When our company, reduced to almost half its number by the frightful rifle fire, reached the prostrate men, Wedderburn, furious, ablaze with the fever of battle, sprang far ahead of his men and called them on.

"Lie down?" he shouted. "We'll lie down back of that stone wall. Come on, boys; only a little way now."

Suddenly he stopped and stood still as a stone.

"He's hit," I thought, and sprang to his side.

He gripped my shoulder fiercely, and pointed to a man lying quite near us—lying prone on his face to escape the fire; lying, as hundreds of other brave men about him lay, pressing close to mother earth.

"Sanford!" said Wedderburn, and in a moment, with me beside him, he stood above the form of his old enemy.

He tapped him sharply on the shoulder, and then pointed before him into the thick of the smoke. "Who is the coward to-day, Arthur Sanford?" he said.

Never while I live shall I forget the look on the face of either man. The wild joy, the sudden triumph, on Wedderburn's countenance as he once more leaped forward; the hopeless wrath, the desperate determination, of the other as he rose, almost mechanically, and followed.

At this moment a bullet struck me in the knee, and I lay for a few moments in a half-fainting state.

When I sat up I saw that men were still rushing forward. The smoke had drifted closely about, and I could see no sign of Wedderburn or Sanford. Then came another fearful volley at frightfully close range (we were very near the wall, I afterward learned), and then another, and presently the wreck of the division came through the smoke, retiring slowly past me toward the rear.

I scanned the faces of the men who passed. Some of them were almost weeping in their agony of fruitless devotion, some were cursing, and many of them kept turning their faces defiantly toward the fatal wall, whence the rifle-balls still flew unabated.

Suddenly I saw Sanford going by slowly. He was holding one arm tightly, as if to stanch a wound. I called to him, but my voice was as nothing in the uproar.

"He is safe," I said, bitterly, "but Johnny—poor Johnny!" And I began presently to crawl slowly and painfully back across the plain.

After a hard struggle and many half-fainting pauses I reached a little hollow some distance to the rear. It was sheltered, in a measure, from the enemy's fire, and there, carried thither doubtless by some of his company, lying among a score of wounded men, his eyes closed, and an ugly hole in his side still bleeding, lay Johnny Wedderburn.

I crept to his side. "Johnny," I said.

He opened his eyes. "Why, Jervis, are you hurt?"

"Not much," I answered; "but you are, my dear, dear old boy."

"Yes," he said; and then he added, with just a faint shadow of his old boyish smile, "I got nearer that wall than Sanford."

Suddenly his face changed, and he grasped at my sleeve. "Tell me," he whispered, "was he killed?"

"No, no," I said; "only scratched; I just saw him."

"You saw him? Thank God! Where was he?"

"Retreating."

Johnny gave a little contented laugh. "I didn't retreat," he said; "they carried me off. Stop," he said, abruptly, as I busied myself in an attempt to stanch the blood from his wound; "there is no use; stop that and listen to me. Stop, I say—I'm your superior officer—stop and listen."

He was so earnest that I paused.

"Reach in my breast pocket and give me that letter."

I did as he directed.

"Open it."

I opened it.

"Now let me have it."

He took it in his shaking hand and looked at it a moment; then he pressed it to his lips. "She called me a hero," he said, half to himself. "When to-day's news gets home she'll say so again, and that she was wrong." He shut his eyes, and the letter fluttered from his hand.

Presently he looked up once more. "Jervis," he said, "you must take me home, and tell them I died like a Wedderburn. They will be pretty proud at home, and tell them I want Chopin's march played when they bury me."

"Don't talk that way, old fellow," I said, choking with tears that I could not hold back. "We'll bring you around."

"I know better," he said, quickly; "I'm dying now. I want Chopin played. You know that march begins so grandly, then there is a lot of pathetic music, then it ends grandly. I began well, I had my troubles, and I end well. Yes, God knows, I die as I would want to die. Where's my letter?" He took it feebly from me as I held it out to him, and kissed it again. "She says she was wrong," he murmured, "and if those mistakes hadn't come, who knows—"

His head suddenly dropped forward, his lips moved a moment convulsively, and he was dead.

I took him home to the sad old house, and when the band at his funeral played Chopin's march, I thought again and again of what he said. His life began well, had its troubles, and ended well.

Yes, I said, and I say now, that the girl was right; he was a hero.

I afterward learned that she married Arthur Sanford.

BIG FISHING.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

Just now there are beginning to be more fish upon the land in the Nepigon country than one would suppose could find life in the waters. Most families have laid in their full winter supply, the main exceptions being those semi-savage families which leave their fish out—in preference to laying them in—upon racks whereon they are to be seen in rows and by the thousands.

Nepigon, the old Hudson Bay post which is the outfitting place for this region, is 928 miles west of Montreal, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and on an arm of Lake Superior. The Nepigon River, which connects the greatest of lakes with Lake Nepigon, is the only roadway in all that country, and therefore its mouth, in an arm of the great lake, is the front door to that wonderful region. In travelling through British Columbia I found one district that is going to prove of greater interest to gentlemen sportsmen with the rod, but I know of no greater fishing country than the Nepigon. No single waterway or system of navigable inland waters in North America is likely to wrest the palm from this Nepigon district as the haunt of fish in the greatest plenty, unless we term the salmon a fresh-water fish, and thus call the Fraser, Columbia, and Skeena rivers into the rivalry. There is incessant fishing in this wilderness north of Lake Superior from New-Year's Day, when the ice has to be cut to get at the water, all through the succeeding seasons, until again the ice fails to protect the game. And there is every sort of fishing between that which engages a navy of sailing vessels and men, down through all the methods of fish-taking—by nets, by spearing, still fishing, and fly-fishing. A half a dozen sorts of finny game succumb to these methods, and though the region has been famous and therefore much visited for nearly a dozen years, the field is so extensive, so well stocked, and so difficult of access except to persons of means, that even to-day almost the very largest known specimens of each class of fish are to be had there.

If we could put on wings early in October, and could fly down from James's Bay over the dense forests and countless lakes and streams of western Ontario, we would see now and then an Indian or hunter in a canoe, here and there a lonely huddle of small houses forming a Hudson Bay post, and at even greater distances apart, small bunches of the birch-bark tepees of pitiful little Cree or Ojibaway bands. But with the first glance at the majestic expanse of Lake Superior there would burst upon the view scores upon scores of white sails upon the water, and near by, upon the shore, a tent for nearly every sail. That is the time for the annual gathering for catching the big, chunky, red-fleshed fish they call the salmon-trout. They catch those that weigh from a dozen to twenty-five or thirty pounds, and at this time of the year their flesh is comparatively hard.

Engaged in making this great catch are the boats of the Indians from far up the Nepigon and the neighboring streams; of the chance white men of the region, who depend upon nature for their sustenance; and of Finns, Norwegians, Swedes, and others who come from the United States side, or southern shore, to fish for their home markets. These fish come at this season to spawn, seeking the reefs, which are plentiful off the shore in this part of the lake. Gill nets are used to catch them, and are set within five fathoms of the surface by setting the inner buoy in water of that depth, and then paying the net out into deeper water and anchoring it. The run and the fishing continue throughout October. As a rule, among the Canadians and Canada Indians a family goes with each boat—the boats being sloops of twenty-seven to thirty feet in length, and capable of carrying fifteen pork barrels, which are at the outset filled with rock-salt. Sometimes the heads of two families are partners in the ownership of one of these sloops, but, however that may be, the custom is for the women and children to camp in tents along-shore, while the men (usually two men and a boy for each boat) work the nets. It is a stormy season of the year, and the work is rough and hazardous, especially for the nets, which are frequently lost.

Whenever a haul is made, the fish are split down the back and cleaned. Then they are washed, rolled in salt, and packed in the barrels. Three days later, when the bodies of the fish have thoroughly purged themselves, they are taken out, washed again, and are once more rolled in fresh salt and put back in the barrels, which are then filled to the top with water. The Indians subsist all winter upon this October catch, and, in addition, manage to exchange a few barrels for other provisions and for clothing. They demand an equivalent of six dollars a barrel in whatever they get in exchange, but do not sell for money, because, as I understand it, they are not obliged to pay the provincial license fee as fishermen, and, therefore, may not fish for the market. Even sportsmen who throw a fly for one day in the Nepigon country must pay the government for the privilege. The Indians told me that eight barrels of these fish will last a family of six persons an entire winter. Such a demonstration of prudence and forethought as this of a month's fishing at the threshold of winter amounts to is a rare one for an Indian to make, and I imagine there is a strong admixture of white blood in most of those who make it. The full-bloods will not take the trouble. They trust to their guns and their traps against the coming of that wolf which they are not unused to facing.

Up along the shores of Lake Nepigon, which is thirty miles by an air line north of Lake Superior, many of the Indians lay up white-fish for winter. They catch them in nets and cure them by frost. They do not clean them. They simply make a hole in the tail end of each fish, and string them, as if they were beads, upon sticks, which they set up into racks. They usually hang the fishes in rows of ten, and frequently store up thousands while they are at it. The Rev. Mr. Renison, who has had much to do with bettering the condition of these Indians, told me that he had caught 1020 pounds of white-fish in two nights with two gill nets in Lake Nepigon. It is unnecessary to add that he cleaned his.

Lake Nepigon is about seventy miles in length, and two-thirds as long, at the points of its greatest measurement, and is a picturesque body of water, surrounded by forests and dotted with islands. It is a famous haunt for trout, and those fishermen who are lucky may at times see scores of great beauties lying upon the bottom; or, with a good guide and at the right season, may be taken to places where the water is fairly astir with them. Fishermen who are not lucky may get their customary experience without travelling so far, for the route is by canal, on top of nearly a thousand miles of railroading; and one mode of locomotion consumes nearly as much time as the other, despite the difference between the respective distances travelled. The speckled trout in the lake are locally reported to weigh from three to nine pounds, but the average stranger will lift in more of three pounds' weight than he will of nine. Yet whatever they average, the catching of them is prime sport as you float upon the water in your picturesque birch bark canoe, with your guide paddling you noiselessly along, and your spoon or artificial minnow rippling through the water or glinting in the sunlight. You need a stout bait-rod, for the gluttonous fish are game, and make a good fight every time. The local fishermen catch the speckled beauties with an unpoetic lump of pork.

A lively French Canadian whom I met on the cars on my way to Nepigon described that region as "de mos' tareeble place for de fish in all over de worl'." And he added another remark which had at least the same amount of truth at the bottom of it. Said he: "You weel find dere dose Mees Nancy feeshermans from der Unite State, vhich got dose hunderd-dollar poles and dose leetle humbug flies, vhich dey t'row around and pull 'em back again, like dey was afraid some feesh would bite it. Dat is all one grand stupeedity. Dose man vhich belong dere put on de hook some pork, and catch one tareeble pile of fish. Dey don't give a —— about style, only to catch dose feesh."

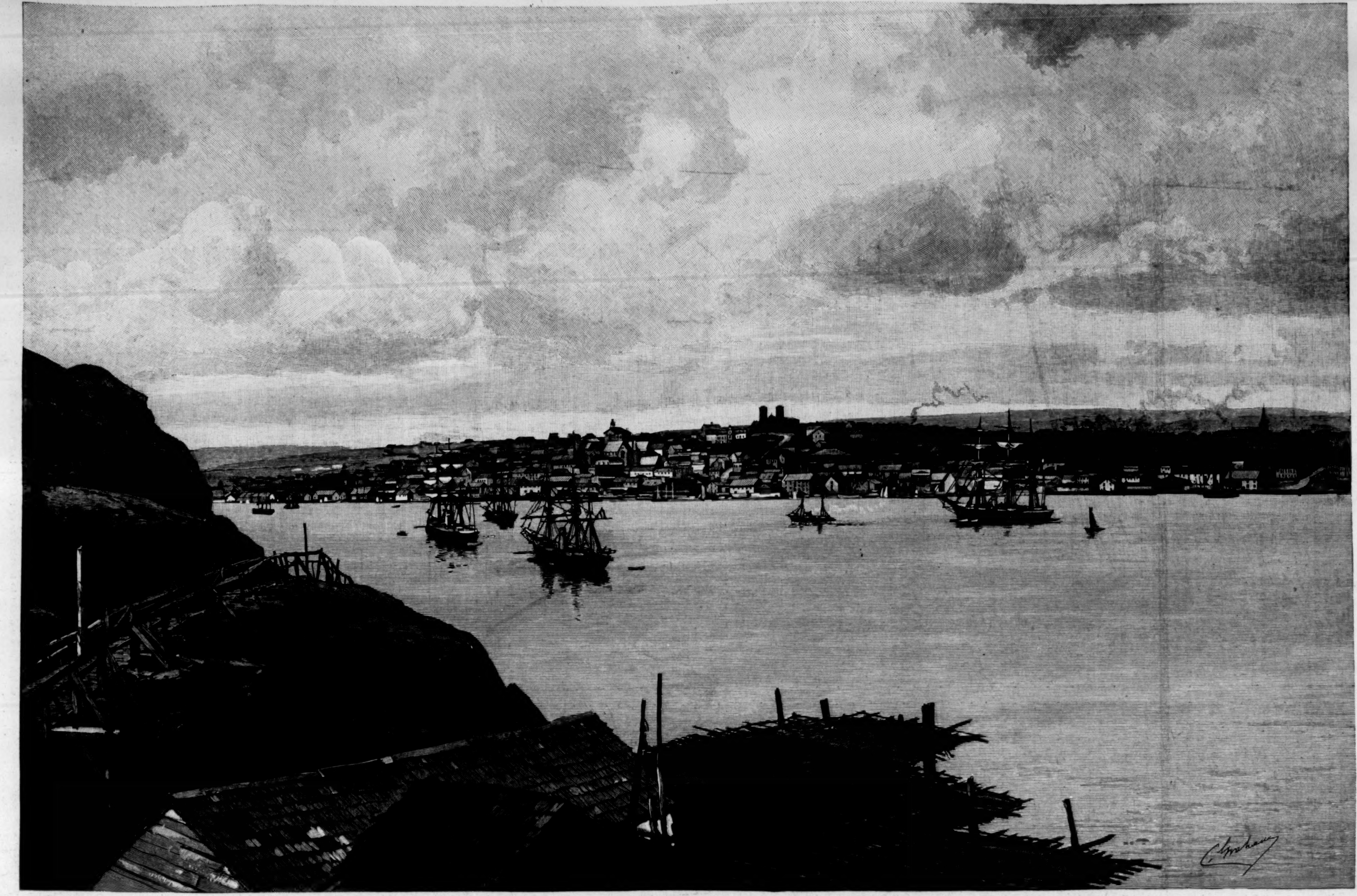
To be sure, every fisherman who prides himself on the distance he can cast, and who owns a splendid outfit, will despise the spirit of that French Canadian's speech; yet up in that country many a scientific angler has endured a failure of "bites" for a long and weary time, while his guide was hauling in fish a-plenty, and has come to question "science" for the nonce, and follow the Indian custom. For gray trout (the namaycush, or lake trout) they bait with apparently anything edible that is handiest, preferring pork, rabbit, partridge, the meat of the trout itself, or of the sucker; and the last they take first, if possible. The suckers, by-the-way, are all too plenty, and as full of bones as any old-time frigate ever was with timbers. You may see the Indians eating them and discarding the bones at the same time; and they make the process resemble the action of a hay-cutter when the grass is going in long at one side, and coming out short, but in equal quantities, at the other.

The namaycush of Nepigon weigh from nine to twenty-five pounds. The natives take a big hook and bait it, and then run the point into a piece of shiny, newly scraped lead. They never "play" their bites, but give them a tight line and steady pull. These fish make a game struggle, leaping and diving and thrashing the water until the gaff ends the struggle. In winter there is as good sport with the namaycush, and it is managed peculiarly. The Indians cut into the ice over deep water, making holes at least eighteen inches in diameter. Across the hole they lay a stick, so that when they pull up a trout the line will run along the stick, and the fish will hit that obstruction instead of the resistant ice. If a fish struck the ice the chances are nine to one that it would tear off the hook. Having baited a hook with pork, and stuck the customary bit of lead upon it, they sound for bottom, and then measure the line so that it will reach to about a foot and a half above soundings, that is to say, off bottom. Then they begin fishing, and their plan is (it is the same all over the Canadian wilderness) to keep jerking the line up with a single, quick, sudden bob at frequent intervals.

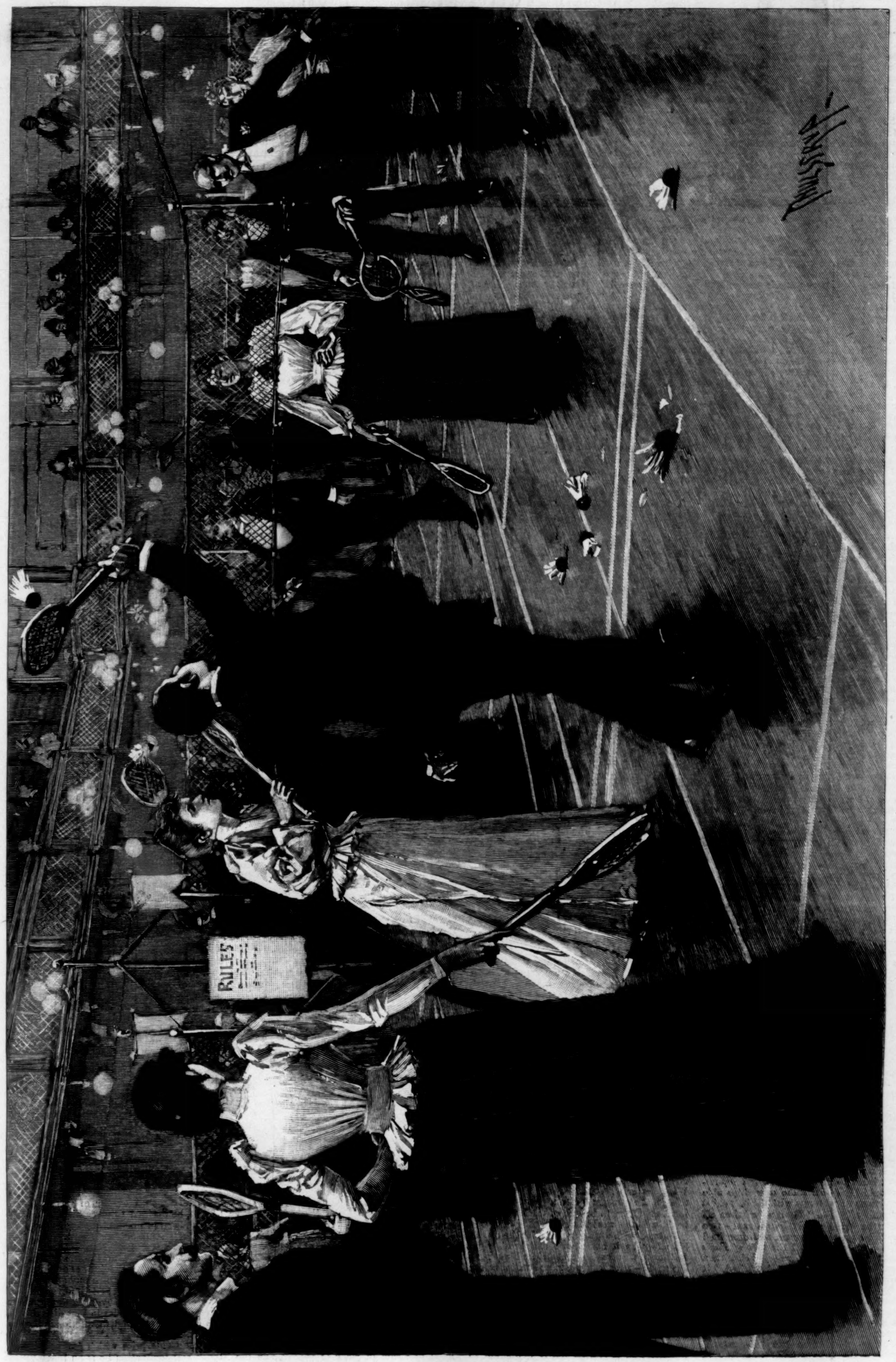
The spring is the time to catch the big Nepigon jack-fish, or pike. They haunt the grassy places in little bogs and coves, and are caught by trolling. A jack-fish is what we call a pike, and John Watt, the famous guide in that country, tells of those fish of such size that when a man of ordinary height held the tail of one up to his shoulder, the head of the fish dragged on the ground. He must be responsible for the farther assertion that he saw an Indian squaw drag a net, with meshes seven inches square, and catch two jack-fish, each of which weighed more than fifty pounds when cleaned. The story another local historian told of a surveyor who caught a big jack-fish that felt like a sunken log, and could only be dragged until its head came to the surface, when he shot it and it broke away—that narrative I will leave for the next New-Yorker who goes to Nepigon. And yet it seems to me that such stories distinguish a fishing resort quite as much as the fish actually caught there. Men would not dare to romance like that at many places I have fished in, where the trout are scheduled and numbered, and where you have got to go to a certain rock on a fixed day of the month to catch one.

The Indians are very clever at spearing the jack-fish. At night they use a bark torch, and slaughter the big fish with comparative ease; but their great skill with the spear is shown in the daytime, when the pike are sunning themselves in the grass and weeds along-shore. But when I made my trip up the river, I saw them using so many nets as to threaten the early reduction of the stream to the plane of the ordinary resort. The water was so clear that we could paddle beside the nets and see each one's catch—here a half-dozen suckers, there a jack-fish, and next a couple of beautiful trout. Finding a squaw attending to her net, we bought the trout from her before we had cast a line. The habit of buying fish under such circumstances becomes second nature to a New-Yorker. We are a peculiar people. Our fishermen are modest away from the city, but at home they assume the confident tone which comes of knowing the way to Fulton fish-market.

The Nepigon River is a trout's paradise, it is so full of rapids and saults. It is not at all a folly to fish there with a fly rod. There are records of very large trout at the Hudson Bay post; but you may actually catch four-pound trout yourself, and what you catch yourself seems to me better than any one else's records. I have spoken of the Nepigon River as a roadway. It is one of the great trading trails to and from the far North. At the mouth of the river, opposite the Hudson Bay post, you will see a wreck of one of its noblest vehicles—an old York boat, such as carry the furs and the supplies to and fro. I fancy that Wolseley used precisely such boats to float his men up to Winnipeg in 1870. Farther along, before you reach the first portage, you will be apt to see several of the sloops used by the natives for the Lake Superior fishing. They are distinguished for their ugliness, capacity, and strength; but the last two qualities are what they are built to obtain. Of course the prettiest vehicles are the canoes. As the bark and the labor are easily obtainable, these picturesque vessels are very numerous; but a change is coming over their shape, and the historic Ojibaway canoe, in which Hiawatha is supposed to have sailed into eternity, will soon be a thing found only in pictures.



THE CITY OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND—THE COLONY WHICH IS QUESTIONING THE IMPERIAL POWER.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 250.]



THE MIDWINTER GAME OF BADMINTON.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 250.]

THE HEADS OF THE GREAT STEAM-SHIP LINES.

CLEMENT A. GRISCOM.

WHILE politicians and the press have been lamenting in unison the decay of America's prestige on the high seas, a small group of enterprising and sagacious business men in Philadelphia have for nearly twenty years been working steadily for the re-establishment of that prestige, and have accomplished much. What they might have done had the laws been different, theorists may explain, each for himself. What they have actually accomplished is matter for some national pride at least.

Of these men Clement Acton Griscom is the acknowledged leader, and in his capacity of president of the International Navigation Company he controls interests greater than can be readily understood by one who has not studied the business of "going down to the sea in ships."

Mr. Griscom is one of the comparatively few Americans whose ancestors for over two hundred years have been Americans of prominence. Andrew Griscom, the founder of the family, came to this country from England to assist William Penn in founding his colony, and was one of the leading citizens of the province—a distinction that has belonged to his successors in the direct line ever since. On his mother's side Mr. Griscom is descended from Thomas Lloyd, who was Deputy-Governor and President of the Council of the Province of Pennsylvania from 1684 to 1693. His mother was the daughter of Clement Acton, Esq., of Salem, New Jersey.

The subject of this sketch was born and educated in Philadelphia, but left school at the early age of sixteen to begin the business career in which he has won both fortune and distinction. His business instincts, however, were keen and thorough enough to make him studious, and few men on earth are recognized to-day as better authority than he on the subject of naval architecture, to which his business and his tastes alike inclined him.

Securing a place in the counting-house of Peter Wright & Sons, young Griscom progressed so rapidly from the time of his first start that in 1863 he was admitted to partnership in the firm, although he was then only twenty-two years old. Moreover, the partnership was by no means a nominal one, for the young man had a well-balanced and well-stored mind, and rapidly assumed charge of one interest after another, until he soon controlled the shipping business of the firm, the house being among the leading shippers of the country. It was not many years before it was widely known that his was one of the master-minds in the business, and to his personal enterprise was largely due the association of capitalists that in 1871 formed the International Navigation Company. The company was chartered under Pennsylvania laws, and its directors were all prominent Philadelphians. Mr. James A. Wright was chosen president, Mr. Griscom vice-president, and the firm of Peter Wright & Sons selected for general agents of the company—a position which they still retain. Mr. Wright retired from the board in 1888, and Mr. Griscom was elected president in his place, the office of vice-president being then abolished by the directors.

The beginning of the company was comparatively modest, though capital enough was within its reach to have done greater things. Its growth, however, has been steady, and to-day it is practically the owner, while Mr. Griscom is actually the controlling director, of three transatlantic lines, on which are operated twenty-two iron and steel steamships. Not only have the operations of these ships been profitable, but the manner in which the company has attained the position of parent organization to these three others has shown an unusual degree of financial ability, a large part of which is credited to Mr. Griscom by his associates.

In 1884 the International Company bought from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company the latter's fleet of four steam-ships—the *Pennsylvania*, the *Ohio*, the *Indiana*, and the *Illinois*. To this list has since been added the *Conemaugh*. The five vessels constitute the American Line, which is the only transatlantic line flying the American flag, and they ply between Philadelphia, Queenstown, and Liverpool.

A greater triumph than this was the gaining of the control and practical ownership of the Inman Line. "The old Inman Company, of England"—so said the London *Times* in 1887—"had for many years held a prominent place in the Atlantic trade, but recently . . . . it became necessary that the company, if they wished to maintain their old reputation, should lay down some new ships able to compete on equal terms with the best ships now running." The "Thunderer" then alluded to the *Umbria* and *Etruria* as the two fastest liners on the Atlantic, and described the *City of New York* and the *City of Paris* at great length, those two vessels being then nearly finished, but not yet launched. It was not to be expected, however, that the great English newspaper should give credit to American capital for their building, or to American science for their completeness.

Yet it might have done both. The Inman Company had been reorganized, and transformed into the Inman and International Company—the International Company of Philadelphia becoming the principal stockholder, and the larger portion of the remainder of its capital stock being owned by prominent New York and Philadelphia capitalists—and the vessels were built under the personal direction and in conformity with all the ideas of Mr. Griscom, though, for economical and other reasons, they were actually constructed on the Clyde. The company reorganization was effected about four years ago, and since then the British stockholders have had two representatives in the board of directors, while the Americans have five. The six vessels of the line—the *City of Berlin*, *City of Chicago*, *City of Chester*, *City of Richmond*, *City of New York*, and *City of Paris*—sail under the British flag, it is true, between New York, Queenstown, and Liverpool, but they are in one sense American ships, being owned and managed on this side, and the last two embodying the highest principles of American science.

The other of the three lines now controlled by the company of which Mr. Griscom is president is the Red Star Line, of Antwerp. On this line are eleven steamers, sailing between New York, Philadelphia, and Antwerp, under the Belgian colors. The capital stock of this foreign corporation is nearly all held by the International Company.

Mr. Griscom is still on the sunny side of fifty, and, as his picture denotes, is a man of unusually fine physique. Although he has many business cares, being prominent in the management of many great corporations, he devotes much time to the maintenance of a fine country place near Haverford, Pennsylvania, finding rest and recreation in country life for a considerable portion of the year. He is a director in the Bank of North America and in several other of the leading financial institutions of Philadelphia, in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and the Insurance Company of North America. He has been president of the National Transit Company since he helped to organize it. He takes a prominent part in the municipal affairs of the Quaker City, and he is a member of half a dozen of the leading clubs of Philadelphia and New York.

Mr. Griscom married a daughter of William C. Biddle, Esq., of Philadelphia, and has five children.

VERNON H. BROWN.

Mr. Vernon H. Brown, the American agent of the Cunard Line of steamers, was born in Boston, and began his business career there about 1849, in the counting-house of Messrs. Sampson & Tappan. This firm was engaged in the India, China, and Pacific trade, and owned a large fleet of ships, among which were the famous clippers *Indiaman*, *Stag Hound*, *Westward Ho*, *Flying Fish*, and *Winged Rover*—all of these vessels familiar to merchants in early California days.

When of age Mr. Brown was taken into partnership by his father, and the firm of Vernon Brown & Son, ship-brokers, was founded, which house lost nothing of that prestige and popularity which had so long been enjoyed by the senior. About 1864 Mr. Brown came to New York, and established the shipping and brokerage house of Vernon H. Brown & Co. This firm at once assumed a leading position, and has earned and maintained ever since the highest reputation for integrity and ability.

In 1880 Mr. Brown was offered and accepted the agency of the Cunard Steamship Company, this line being the oldest and among the most successful of those engaged in the trade between Europe and America. The history of this company extends back for a full half-century. The *Britannia*, the first ship of the Cunard Line, sailed from Liverpool July 4, 1840, *viâ* Halifax, for Boston, making the passage in fourteen days.

Soon after Mr. Brown's appointment as agent the Cunard Company became satisfied that the trade demanded ships of greater size, power, and speed, and in due time added to their fleet the *Servia*, *Aurania*, *Umbria*, and *Etruria*. These vessels were fitted with all modern improvements for comfort and speed. Distinguished as is the Cunard Line for practical ideas and for care in its statements, it looks as if two more superb ships of great size and increased speed are to be added to the fleet, and hopes are entertained of crossing the Atlantic in five days.

In addition to his management of the Cunard Line, Mr. Brown is director and trustee of various financial institutions, among which may be named the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company and the Seaman's Savings-Bank. As one of the oldest members of the New York Produce Exchange, he has served for several years on its arbitration committee.

In 1885 Mr. Brown was appointed by Mayor Grace one of the commissioners intrusted with the building of the new "Washington Bridge" across the Harlem River, connecting Westchester with Washington Heights, and this great structure is pronounced by prominent engineers to be one of the handsomest bridges in the world.

Imbued with a proper pride for the city of his adoption, it has been Mr. Brown's good fortune to witness the great strides New York has made—advances due in no small measure to his own exertions.

Far from being immersed in business cares to the exclusion of other interests, Mr. Brown, like many other preoccupied men, finds time to devote to social matters. The mastery of detail gained in his early business life probably serves him to this end, for he is never hurried, and is conspicuously deliberate, in spite of the great amount of business he has constantly on hand. He is a member of the Union Club, and a member and one of the governors of the New York Club, and his rare social qualities make him a personal favorite among his brother members. In politics he is a Republican, though he is never conspicuous in party work, and does not consider party lines in voting for local candidates. He married in New York city, where he has made his home ever since starting in business here, and has a family of six children. Despite his years, Mr. Brown preserves a singularly youthful appearance, and is conspicuous for his suavity and agreeable manners.

CARL SCHURZ.

There are few men of the nineteenth century whose career has been more remarkable than that of Carl Schurz, the resident director of the Hamburg-American Packet Company. Distinguished from the time when he was a factor in the European revolution of 1848 to when he entered the cabinet of the President of the United States as Secretary of the Interior, there were few who would have mentioned him as likely to be selected by a great transatlantic steam-ship company as its resident manager in America. The talents, however, which have given him eminence as an orator, a soldier, an editor, and a statesman are now employed, as so much of the talent in the world is employed, in commercial pursuits.

Mr. Schurz, although no one would suppose so to see him, is threescore years old, having been born in Prussia in 1829. He was educated at Cologne and Bonn, and before his twentieth year was prominent among those advocating freedom of thought in Germany. He was associated with Gottfried Kinkel in conducting a liberal newspaper, the utterances of which were so distasteful to the authorities that the proprietors of the journal were at length obliged to flee the country. The young liberal joined the army of insurrectionists as an adjutant, and after being engaged in the defence of Rastadt, fled to Switzerland on its surrender. His old associate, Kinkel, was not so fortunate, but was made a prisoner, and Schurz returned within a year to plot successfully for his escape.

A year or two of experience in Paris and London came next in this eventful life, and then the young German came to the United States. Philadelphia proved to be no field for his talents, and he went to Wisconsin, then accounted a far Western State. It was not long before he became a noted man, speaking and writing as he did for the Republican party, then in its first important campaign—that of 1856. Defeat that year was followed by the great victory of 1860, and Mr. Schurz was prominent enough to earn the appointment as Minister to Spain from President Lincoln.

The office was accepted. It was a proud position for a man only thirty-two years old, who had been only nine years in America. The war of the rebellion, however, broke out, and the office of Minister was resigned on the first call to arms, and Mr. Schurz became a Brigadier-General. Under General Sigel he took part in the second battle of Bull Run. He was afterward made Major-General, but the fortunes of war afforded him little opportunity for distinction in the field.

After the war he turned again to journalism. He founded the Detroit *Post*, served as Washington correspondent for the New York *Tribune*, and worked on various other papers in different parts of the country until 1869, when he became United States Senator for Missouri. He became at once conspicuous among the members of the Senate for his broad and statesman-like views. In 1877 he was selected by President Hayes for the position of Secretary of the Interior, this being the last and highest political place he has held.

After the expiration of the Hayes administration Mr. Schurz came to New York, and became the editor of the *Evening Post*. Of late years, since his retirement from the editorial chair, he has taken less part in public affairs, although he is occasionally called on for a speech on some important occasion. His attention, however, is given mainly to business matters, and having been for a long time one of the directors of the Hamburg-American Packet Company, he was selected for the place already described.

This company is one of the prominent competitors in the great transatlantic carrying trade, and claims the distinction of having been the actual founder of the German interests now in that business. Beginning, as it did, in 1847, with a capital of less than half a million marks, it entered into competition with the British mercantile fleets, which were then at the very zenith of their glory. Not only did England control nearly all the ocean carrying trade of the world, but English capital was seeking new investments in the same line. The new-comer in the business was therefore hardly noticed at first, and even its owners did not dare to look for the success it has since won.

At first it had only a few sailing vessels in its fleet, the largest of which was capable of carrying only about two hundred passengers; but so capable was the management, and so fruitful the field of enterprise into which it entered, that the forty years of its life have been mostly prosperous in the extreme, and to-day it is one of the principal companies in the world. In 1856 it began the employment of steam in place of canvas, and the *Borussia* and the *Hammonia*, crack steamers of their day, were put in commission. So satisfactory were the results that the company's capital was greatly enlarged, and new steamers were added rapidly to the fleet, until now some forty are in service on all the oceans of the world, having lines established to the West Indies, connecting with Japan, China, and Australia, in addition to the transatlantic line from Hamburg to New York and Baltimore. Over a hundred millions of marks have been invested in ship-building, and as new ships are added, the company has from year to year kept step with modern progress in naval architecture. To demonstrate the truth of this it is only necessary to name the *Augusta Victoria*, the *Columbia*, and the *Normannia*. The newest addition to the line will be the *Prince Bismarck*. Of these vessels the *Augusta Victoria* has shown great speed, only surpassed by the *Columbia*, which holds to this day the record of the fastest maiden trip. That these laurels have since been snatched by other lines is simply because the art of ship-building is in rapid progress.

The company, in addition to the millions invested in ships, owns other millions in real estate, docks, and buildings on both sides of the ocean, and over this vast property the German student of 1848 is placed as one in control. It is proper to say, however, that, showing thorough independence in politics, he is known as a conservative in business matters. Shrewd, careful, and far-seeing, he is in many respects better fitted for his work than one brought up in the harness would be.

HERMANN OELRICHS.

Few persons who have not given careful study to the subject realize what an enormous amount of capital is invested in the great ocean transportation lines of the world. When it is remembered that the first cost of a steam-ship is anywhere from one to two millions of dollars, it is apparent that a line running, say, a dozen steamers, paying running expenses, and providing terminal facilities, must control large sums of money, even in these days when millions have to be massed together to command respect. The North German Lloyd Steam-ship Company is one of the leading concerns of the world, and Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, of the firm of Oelrichs & Co., the New York representative of the company, is already, though but forty years of age, a man of unusual prominence in various circles.

This distinction is by no means solely owing to the magnitude of his business interest, but is very largely due to an intense personality and a rare combination of bodily and mental qualifications which make him both a physical and mental athlete. He was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on June 8, 1850, of German-American parentage, his father being German, and his mother a member of the well-known May family of that city. Born to fortune, and naturally well endowed, he was carefully trained in some of the best schools of this country and Germany, and with a natural inclination to business pursuits, he entered his father's firm as a partner soon after he attained his majority.

Thus exceptionally equipped for a brilliant career, he soon became a prominent figure in New York society, the family having removed to this city in 1860. Like many men of exceedingly industrious habits, he was as energetic in his play as in his work, and having polished manners and a most agreeable presence, was quickly a social favorite. In the best clubs of the city he was acknowledged as a leader long before his years entitled him to such a position.

Mr. Oelrichs is a large man, very muscular, well knit, and active. He is widely known as one of the best polo-players, swimmers, and "all-round athletes" among the many amateurs of New York. Many amusing stories have been told from time to time of his exploits in the water, such as swimming out two or three miles from land to meet one of his own steamers, and, after hailing it, refusing to be taken on board, and swimming back to land. "Dot tam Hermann!" exclaimed one of his captains, "I shtop no more anodder times for him." He had swerved half a mile out of his course to pick up the man who was swimming for his life, and had been laughed at for his pains.

Mr. Oelrichs was one of the introducers of the game of polo in this country; he is the founder of the Lacrosse Association of the United States, is a fearless equestrian and a daring yachtsman, and, in short, is well skilled in all manly sports. All this, however, is his relaxation. In business he is bold and dashing in his methods, and in politics is an aggressive and active Democrat. He was urged as a candidate for the Mayoralty three years ago; but he had never identified himself with any of the local "machines," and after due consideration of the offers made to him, he decided to place his business interests ahead of political preferment, and declined the nomination. He was, however, made a member of the National Democratic Committee in 1888 at St. Louis, and now represents New York State in that organization. While he has never shown any strong desire to hold political office, he is known as a most capable worker, and beyond a doubt, if ambition should impel him in that direction, he could easily attain high distinction in the government.

In any enterprise which jumps with his tastes and inclination he is an indefatigable worker. When a little time ago the Madison Square Garden Company was organized, with a view to erecting a mammoth pleasure-house for the city, Mr. Oelrichs was among the first to become interested in the project, and was at once appointed a member of the executive committee of the organization. Liberal, sanguine, and active as he is, he proved a valuable man in the place, and the progress that has already been made in the scheme is due largely to his efforts. In June, 1890, Mr. Oelrichs married Miss Fair, daughter of Senator Fair.

J. BRUCE ISMAY.

Long and pleasant association with a particular emblem flown at a topmast has made us, as Americans, believe that the White Star was exclusively our own, but in reality this pennon was first used thirty years ago by a line of English sailing ships plying between Liverpool and Melbourne. In 1868 Messrs. T. H. Ismay & Co. bought the right to fly the White Star, and then commenced building steam-ships. This was the beginning of what is now one of the great steam-ship lines of the world, and Mr. Ismay is the leading member of the firm controlling its fortunes. It is twenty years since the line had its birth, and although the White Star was not the first to supersede sails with steam, it made such radical departures from the standards of the day as to become at once the pioneer in modern development. Since then rival lines have pushed it hard, but the White Star, from the day the *Oceanic* was launched in 1870 to the time the *Majestic* and *Teutonic* were recently added to its fleet, has never fallen behind the van.

The *Oceanic* was severely criticised. Mr. Ismay had her built at Belfast, and not on the Clyde, and this of itself was heresy in 1870. Then the lines on which she was built were considered too fine for safety, though their beauty was acknowledged. Since then the correctness of fine lines, long sharp hull, and limited beam has been universally acknowledged, and the tendency of modern builders is to exaggerate those features which were then considered risky. Moreover, the amount of luxury provided for the passengers was considered extravagant, and conservative shippers looked upon the new plans as foolish in a business sense, as well as likely to endanger safety. Yet the *Oceanic* vindicated the theories of her builders, and was the forerunner of the great fleet which holds its own among rivals to-day.

This fleet consists of sixteen, including four cargo ships, the *Oceanic* being the smallest, with a tonnage of 3707, and the twin ships *Majestic* and *Teutonic* being the largest, with their water-lines of 565 feet and their beam of 52 feet. Besides these are the *Britannic*, 5004 tons, the *Germanic*, 5008 tons, and seven others, all with the "ic" termination to their names, ranging from 3888 tons to 4753. All these passenger steamers have been built with special reference to elegance and comfort, while the consideration of safety has never been lost sight of. They are constructed on the floating tube principle, with water-proof and fire-proof compartments, all fitted with automatic doors. In one respect the line has been eminently conservative, and the entire fleet is amply fitted with sails. Twice has this precaution proved itself a wise one. In 1883 the *Celtic* and the *Germanic* both met with the accident of broken shafting, and both sailed into port without further casualty.

In addition to the line of steamers coming to New York the White Star Line runs vessels from San Francisco to Yokohama and Hong-Kong, and from London to New Zealand, besides controlling a fleet of sailing vessels, and among these is the *California*, of 3100 tons, the largest sailing ship yet built. The enormous interests involved in the maintenance of such a fleet in the transatlantic trade necessarily requires a representative who shall be resident in America, and who shall be an executive head to the business on this side of the ocean. In the case of the White Star Line the dignity and labor of this position have fallen upon the heir. Mr. J. Bruce Ismay, the son of the founder of the line, has been the New York representative of the company for nearly four years, and although he is the youngest man who occupies such a position in America, he has long since proven his capacity and unusual ability in the discharge of his duties.

Mr. J. Bruce Ismay was born in Crosby, near Liverpool, twenty-eight years ago. He was educated at Harrow School. Having the choice between a university career and an early start in business, he chose the latter, and was at once placed by his father at a subordinate desk in the great offices of the company in Liverpool. In this place he remained, earning his rapid promotion fairly by honest, thorough work, until, at the end of four years, it was considered that he had finished his apprenticeship, and he applied for and received a year's leave of absence. This time was spent in travel and special study of the business to which he had devoted himself, with special reference, naturally, to the needs and natural development of the White Star Line.

In 1886 he came to New York, and by way of preparation for the position to which he was destined, he spent a year in the study of the business at this end of the line. Before the year had expired he had not only made his mark as a business man, but, with unusual social gifts, he had become a favorite in New York society, holding his place not merely by reason of his wealth, but rather because of his personality.

On May 1, 1887, he assumed charge of the American office of the line, and has retained it ever since, with a reasonable prospect of continuing there until, in the course of time, he may be called back to England to assume a still more responsible place. He was married in 1888 to Miss Florence Schieffelin, of New York, and the couple started on their bridal tour on a White Star steamer on December 12th of that year.

Mr. Ismay's business methods, as might be expected of a son of his father, are characterized by great thoroughness and tireless energy. Such qualities, when joined to a magnetic and agreeable personality, usually command success and the esteem of the business world, and in Mr. Ismay's case there has been no exception.

AUGUSTIN FORGET.

Among the very latest of the men who have come to New York to attend to matters of important business is Mr. Augustin Forget, whose portrait is in the group on another page. He is the American manager of the great corporation known as "La Compagnie Générale Transatlantique," which is one of the largest steam-ship corporations of Europe. It was started as a competitor to the great English lines, and follows them closely in management, marine architecture, and in methods of doing business. Excepting the eight so-called "ocean greyhounds" which have surprised the world with their marvellous achievements in crossing the Atlantic Ocean, the vessels of this line are, if taken altogether, perhaps the very best that carry the passengers and express packages which are transported between Europe and America. The fleet of the company consists of six steamers of the highest and finest type, and a small fleet of second-rate steamers and smaller craft. The amount of capital invested is something that cannot be conjectured by an outsider. Many millions of dollars, reckoning by the American system of currency, are employed in the yearly operations of the corporation, for the traffic of the concern is carried on according to the rules of the highest standard.

The Transatlantique is purely a French company, and the man who succeeded Louis de Bebian as the American manager less than two years ago is a Frenchman of the very highest type. He is tall and well proportioned, lithe, active, and in the prime of life, being forty-four years of age and well preserved. He was born in Paris in 1845, and was educated in that city, graduating when he was only eighteen years of age at the famous Chaptal College, and carrying off the highest honors of his class.

Soon after his graduation he began a business career which has been exceptionally brilliant. He entered the service of the "Comptoir d'Escompte de Paris," and, occupying a confidential position, was obliged to visit and to remain in all of the various capitals of Europe. He was afterward connected in a similar capacity with the "Crédit Lyonnais," and his career from 1867 to 1881 was identified with these two of the most important financial institutions of Europe. His reputation, after these fourteen years of service, was so well established that when, in 1881, the "Banque Transatlantique" was established, Mons. Forget received the appointment to the position of Secretary. It was this appointment that brought him into close relations with the company which he now represents in this country, for Mons. Pereire, who established the "Banque Transatlantique," was also the President of the "Compagnie Générale Transatlantique." Mons. Forget from this time on has been closely identified with the principal operations of the great corporation, taking first the general agency of the company for the United Kingdom, and having direct personal control of its offices in London, Liverpool, and Cardiff for several years. When it became necessary to appoint a successor to Mons. de Bebian, Mr. Forget was selected, and almost immediately came to New York, where he now makes his home. He is already a prominent figure in various social organizations, and has shown the ability to combine social prestige with brilliancy in business matters.

Mons. Forget is married and has one son, his wife being the second daughter of the late Captain T. Johnston, of the royal navy.

CHARLES F. CHICKERING.

Mr. Laurence Hutton, in his *Curiosities of the American Stage*, points out that the plaintive chants of negro minstrelsy are the only indigenous music that we can boast of; but that we have progressed along the road to original production sufficiently far to enjoy intelligently the greatest works of European masters is proved conclusively every winter by the increasing patronage bestowed on high-class music. No one who witnessed the scene of unparalleled enthusiasm at the conclusion of this season's German opera at the Metropolitan Opera-house can doubt how genuine this interest is, and it would be hard to over-estimate the stimulus that it must exert upon the general elevation of the race. The advancement, moral or physical, of his fellow-countrymen has long been justly considered as the most worthy title to the honor of posterity that a man can earn for himself, and if he who makes two ears of wheat grow where but one grew before is accounted worthy, it would be unreasonable to deny that credit also to him whose labors have tended to the increase of mental endowments and intellectual pleasures. In the ranks of such public benefactors a place is certainly due to Charles Frank Chickering, who died, aged sixty-four, at his home, No. 5 Fifth Avenue, on the evening of Monday, March 23d. As the president of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society he actively devoted himself to the spread of musical knowledge in the city wherein he first saw the light in 1827, and in whose public schools he received his education; but it was rather in the improvements effected by himself and his brothers upon the means by which the musician speaks to his audience that his influence has been and will still be felt. At the early age of fifteen he began his life's work in the piano factory of his father, Jonas Chickering, and devoting himself assiduously to the details of his business, he soon acquired an intimate knowledge of all the practical processes then employed in the manufacture. From that time onward, a period of forty years, he constantly strove toward the perfection of the instrument with such success that the Chickering Piano Company, of which he was president at the time of his death, is now known throughout the world. A description of the various improvements invented by the firm would be too long and too technical for this place, but that they were important, and met with the approval of experts in such matters, is indicated by the lengthy series of medals won by them at numerous international exhibitions, and the cross of the Legion of Honor bestowed on Charles F. Chickering by the Emperor Napoleon III. at the great Exposition held at Paris in the year 1867. Apart from his business Mr. Chickering was a well-known figure in the social and musical circles both of this city and of his native town. He was a member of the Union Club, where his presence will be greatly missed, as well as in the New York Yacht Club and the Newport Riding Club, to both of which he was attached. It is, however, among devotees of music that his loss will be most felt, and in the firm whose name will be his most enduring monument.

PLANS FOR THE CATHEDRAL.

Every reader who is at all interested in the subject may be presumed to know that the four plans that have been for some days on view at the See House of the Diocese of New York, and are shortly to be made the subjects of a more public exhibition at the Academy of Design, are the result of a second competition for the cathedral church of the diocese. In the first competition a number of eminent architects were invited to take part, and a number of other architects, presumably less eminent, were permitted to take part, and from the drawings then submitted those which contained the rudiments of the plans now submitted were chosen. The choice was scarcely an affair of natural selection. The expert adviser of the trustees, upon whom the responsibility of selection finally rested, recommended two designs—that of Messrs. Potter & Robertson, and that of Messrs. Heins & La Farge. The trustees added two others of their own motion—that of Messrs. Huss & Buck, and that of Mr. William Halsey Wood. It is worthy of notice that these two designs are respectively the most conventional and the least conventional specimens of cathedral architecture among the four preferred designs, or, if one chooses to put it in that way, the tamest and the wildest. It was these four designs that were returned to the designers with instructions to modify them according to the suggestions of the expert advisers, or probably according to those of the inexpert advisers, who must have been responsible for the extraordinary counsel given to one designer to remodel his front so as to make it "more acceptable to all tastes." The designs now exhibited are the result of these renewed studies. Among these, it is to be supposed, is the design from which the cathedral will finally be erected on the noble site secured upon the plateau at the western edge of the Harlem Flats.

The preliminary instructions to the architects left them almost entirely unhampered, except by the conditions of the site and by a limitation of the length of the interior; but as an interior length of 450 feet was still allowed them, this can scarcely be looked upon as a limitation. In fact, competing architects have been heard to complain that they were too little hampered by the programme. Of course, in order to design a successful building of any kind, the architect needs, in the first place, to know what is to be done in it, and this the programme submitted to the competing architects fails to tell them. It assumes that a "cathedral service" is a ceremony quite familiar to the architects, though in fact there is not a Protestant service in any church, either in this country or abroad, which really makes use of a mediæval cathedral. The processions of the Roman Catholic Church really do this, but the procession of a vested choir is scarcely a substitute for these. It seems clear that a modern cathedral must supply some substitutes for them which the Book of Common Prayer, even when interpreted in the light of the "Trinity use," does not fully furnish. To require a cathedral of an architect without telling him what you want of it, seems much like requiring him to supply a developed ritual, and even, since ritual is supposed to be significant and symbolical of doctrine, a developed theology. Of course this question did not arise in the building of the mediæval minsters. It was perfectly understood by the master-builders what was to go on in the edifice they were required to construct, and it was these well-understood procedures that they were expected to accommodate. But assuredly it cannot be said that the modern architect either knows or can be expected to know wherein a modern Protestant cathedral should differ from a mediæval Catholic cathedral.

It is curious and suggestive that all four of the architects whose plans are now exposed, being thus left to their own devices, should have united upon one point, and that is that the modern cathedral should provide a larger and more important preaching-place than the mediæval cathedral, which seems to be an agreement that its service is to be addressed more to the intellect and less to the imagination. All four have provided for it in the same way, that is, by giving the largest practicable dimensions to "the crossing," the space at the intersection of the nave and transepts. Happily this practical need for a large unobstructed area, extending as nearly as may be to the limits of the carrying power of the human voice, co-operates with the architectural requirement of the development of the central space, both as an exterior and as an interior feature. In this respect the English Gothic architects, who in every other respect were from a generation to a century behind the Gothic architects of the Continent, were clearly in advance of them. Even where no attempt was made at the interior development of the crossing, the central spires or tower of many English cathedrals are worthier culminating features than the slender *flèche* that alone marks the intersection of the ridges in a French cathedral, while in at least one instance—the octagon of Ely—an intelligent attempt was made by the English builders to give value to the centre internally. The *cimborio* of the Spanish cathedrals is another essay in the same direction, and one example of it, that at Salamanca, has a special interest for us as the prototype of the tower of Trinity Church, Boston, and of Mr. Richardson's unexecuted design for the cathedral at Albany. Dissimilar as are the plans in arrangement and in detail, their authors, with one exception, unite in one other point, and that is in laying much stress upon what one of them calls the "symbolic requirements" of the structure. If the design promises a noble and worthy building, it seems rather irrelevant to the architect's work to point out the symbolic significance of its parts, especially as any moderately ingenious Ignatius Donnelly, with a plan or an elevation or a section before him, can extract all manner of mystical meanings from the relation of its parts, and the construction of these cryptograms is not a matter of architecture.

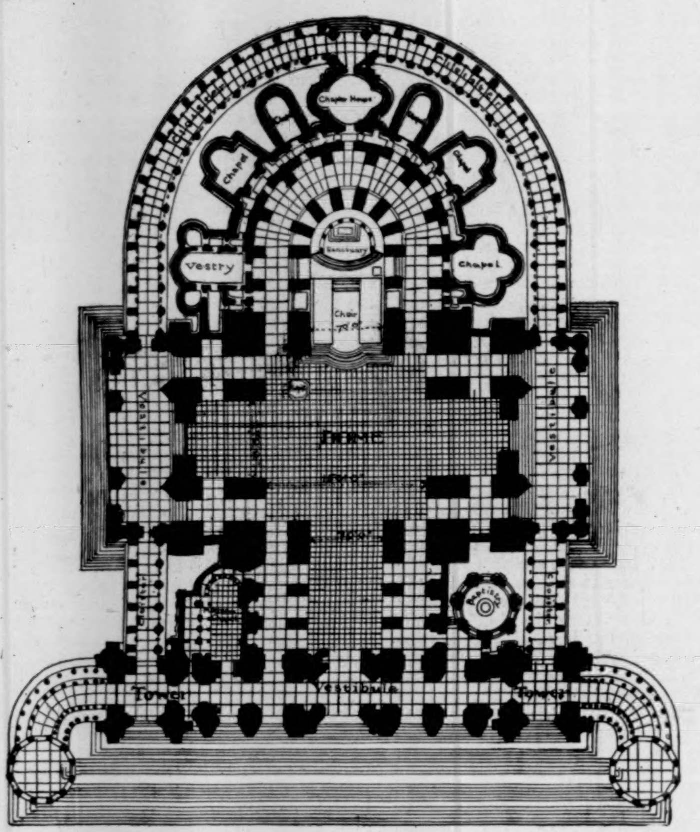
"Are you a painter?" asked the surly Turner of a visitor who ventured to congratulate him upon the fidelity of a canvas depicting a storm at sea, with the assurance that he himself had encountered one like it.

"No, sir."

"Then you ought to have been thinking of something else."

An architect designing a great building ought to be thinking of something else than its symbolic significance, since all instructed architects are aware that the very cruciform plan itself was evolved from strictly architectural requirements, and that its symbolic significance is an after-thought. It is highly probable that the symbolism was an after-thought with those designing designers who dwell upon it, and that their dwelling upon these irrelevancies indicates a deep distrust of the competency of their judges to estimate the relevant points of the design. One seems, as Matthew Arnold put it, "to detect a movement of the tongue toward the cheek" of the secular designer who finds himself so deeply impressed with the inner and typical meanings of his work.

The perspectives and plans as presented may safely be left to tell their own stories in most respects, with the admonition, which may be useful in order to give them scale, that each of the designers has availed himself of the maximum of length allowed him. Some explanation, however, is necessary of the interior arrangements, from which the exterior architecture proceeds, and especially of the methods adopted for giving magnitude and importance to the central space. The design of Messrs. Potter & Robertson bore the motto "Gerona," which frankly acknowledged the source of the main feature of the interior. In the cathedral of Gerona a choir and apse of three aisles open into a higher nave of 74 feet span. This scheme is elaborated and expanded in the design for New York, with a complete cathedral arrangement, so that the crossing is an unbroken space of 86 feet square, covered by a single vault, of course by far the largest in the world. To this space one bay of the nave of the choir and of each transept is added, making a cruciform "auditorium" of 172 feet extreme length in each axis. This is "produced" above the roofs of the transepts and of the nave, and it gives rise naturally to the most striking feature of the exterior—the group of four spires that are structurally necessary to abut the enormous thrust of the central vault. The floor of what we may call the auditorium is sunk by two flights of steps in each arm of the cross, so as to increase the height of the vaulted ceiling from the floor to 140 feet, an altitude attained in mediæval cathedrals only by Cologne and Amiens. Another result of this depression is to create in the cathedral the analogue of what Wagner proposed as the "mystic gulf"



GROUND-PLAN OF MR. W. HALSEY WOOD'S DESIGN.—[See Page 253, Supplement.]

between the audience and the stage, between the nave and the choir, so that the sanctuary is at once separated and indefinitely withdrawn from the body of the edifice. The west front (the south front, in fact) is evidently enough suggested by the west front of Peterborough, which Mr. Fergusson calls "the grandest portico in Europe," but is as evidently a great improvement upon the model, both in the subordination of the lateral arches to the great arch at the centre, and in the subduing of the whole so as to distinguish the nave and aisles behind, whereas the west front of Peterborough, with its three equal and gigantic arches, is a mere screen. The most striking feature of the exterior, the group of four central spires, is the most questionable because it is the most novel, and because there are no examples extant from which we can fairly judge what its effect would be in execution. Every reader of the *Seven Lamps* remembers Mr. Ruskin's denunciation of "the pinnacles without the spire," and of King's College Chapel as "a table upside down with four legs in the air." It is doubtless the hope of the architects, however, that from any point of view from which all four spires can be seen together they will group themselves into a single and dominant feature, with far more variety and life than could be attained if they were concentrated into a single structure.

The design of Messrs. Heins & La Farge is a domical building enclosed in a Gothic shell. A tunnel vault at the entrance of the nave leads through two domes to the great dome above the crossing, beyond which is another tunnel vault declining into the semi-dome of the apse. This reads like a description rather of a Renaissance than of a Gothic cathedral, although in fact it is the domed Byzantine churches that have mainly furnished the suggestions for this project. The crossing is here also the auditorium and the central point of design, and occupies the whole width of nave and aisles. The dome above it, both in form and in general treatment, recalls the *cimborio* of Salamanca more nearly than any Byzantine model, and rises by a lofty and lighted stage above its dependencies.

The contrast between the sections and the elevations is startling, for surely neither could be inferred from the other. This is in great part a matter of association. Vaulted architecture never became a complete architecture of the exterior, and it is only by the concentration of the wall spaces into piers and by the protrusion of the flying-buttresses that the interior construction is indicated, while it is covered with a ridged roof that might conceal anything. It might, to be sure, as reasonably conceal domes as vaults, but the domical construction has really been developed into a complete architecture of the exterior, both in the Christian Byzantine churches of Constantinople and Venice, and in the Saracenic mosques that are their architectural derivatives. In either case the result bears no resemblance to the accepted type of a cathedral, and still less to the Anglican type, and it is probably this consideration that deterred the architects from attempting such a development. Their exterior consists really of a central spire and its dependencies. It is not perceptible, and it is hardly credible, that the belfry stage of this central spire is a dome, so completely is the round form masked. The lines of the spire are brought outward and downward to the very ground by means of the transept towers, themselves similarly extended by attached turrets, and the force of this great pyramidal mass is greatly enhanced by rounding the transepts in the manner of the twelfth-century churches of the Rhine.

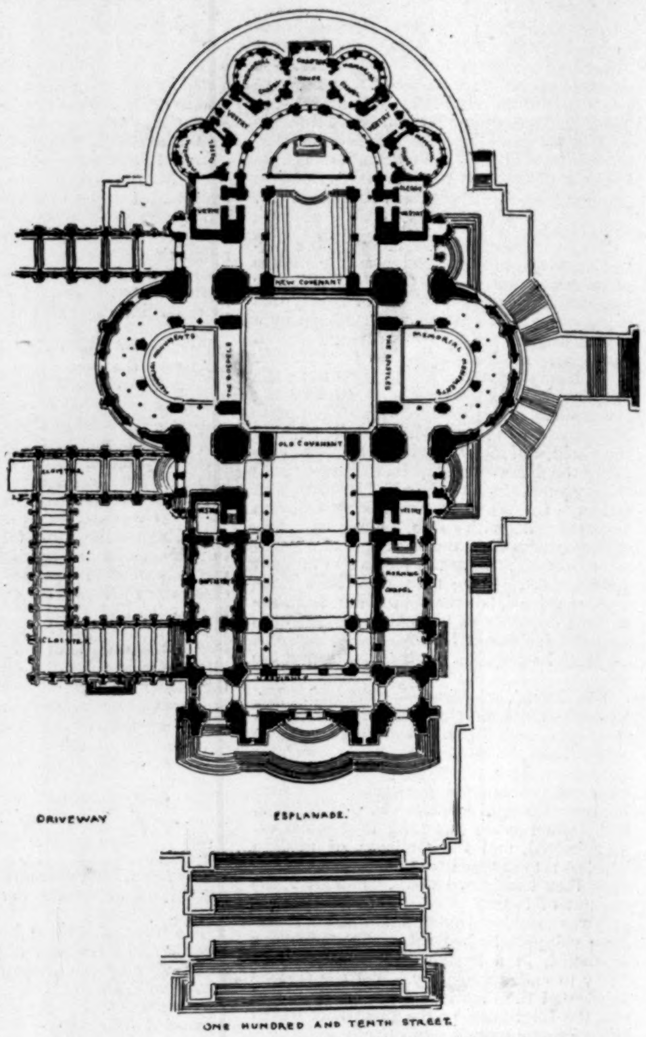
Messrs. Huss & Buck recognize the modernness of the cathedral of New York only by arranging, like their competitors, a very ample preaching-place at the crossing, this time in the form of an octagon, like that of Ely, but including a bay of each arm of the cross, so as to make it 115 feet in diameter. This is the only recognition, if this be a recognition, in the design that we live in times unknown to the ancients, and the design must on that account meet with the favor of the Anglican ecclesiologists. So Anglican is it that the square east end is retained in preference to the apse, in spite of such orthodox though doubtless exceptional examples as Westminster and Canterbury. The ordinary observer would be likely at the first glance to take it for Salisbury, until he notes the difference in the western tower, and then to revert to his recollections of Canterbury, concluding at last that it was one of the English cathedrals that had hitherto escaped his notice.

This is as far as possible from being the case with the design of Mr. Halsey Wood. Nobody could mistake it for anything he had seen before, nor, at the first glance, take it for the representation of a cathedral.

> "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
>   A stately pleasure-dome decree;
> Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
> Through caverns measureless to man
>   Down to a sunless sea."

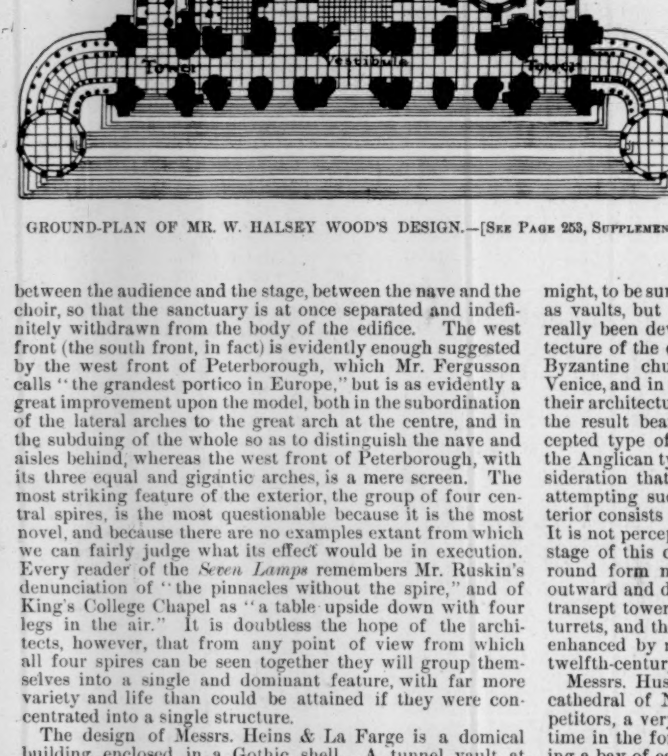
That is rather the impression made by this remarkable project. It is only when one investigates the perspective that he finds, in its wilderness of features, the parts of a fully organized cathedral, the west front, the western towers, the transepts—albeit very shallow transepts—and the nave, and that really the only novelty in a cathedral is the polygonal dome. It is here confessed as a dome, and it is plain that the author of this design does not go at all in fear of what Mr. Lowell calls "lese-Anglicism," since it is not possible for the most unscrupulous person to describe Mr. Wood's design as an example of English Gothic. To gain a notion of the altitudes to which the designer intends to carry his erections, it is necessary only to point out that though he has employed to the full the allotted length, his building looks short.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

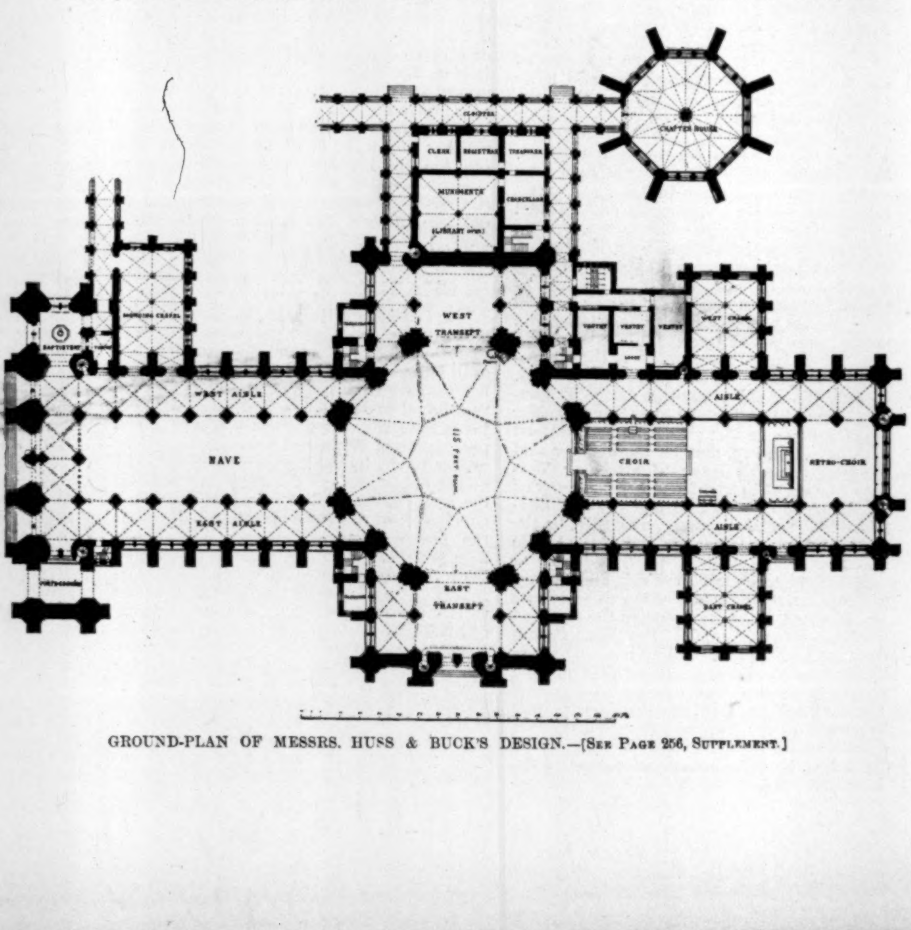


Copyright, 1891, by Messrs. Heins & La Farge.

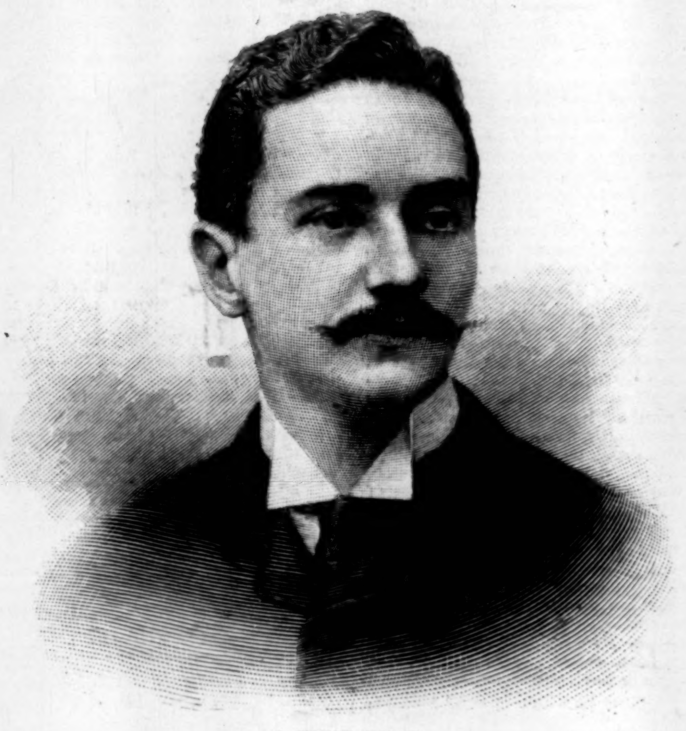
GROUND-PLAN OF MESSRS. HEINS & LA FARGE'S DESIGN.
[See Page 254, Supplement.]



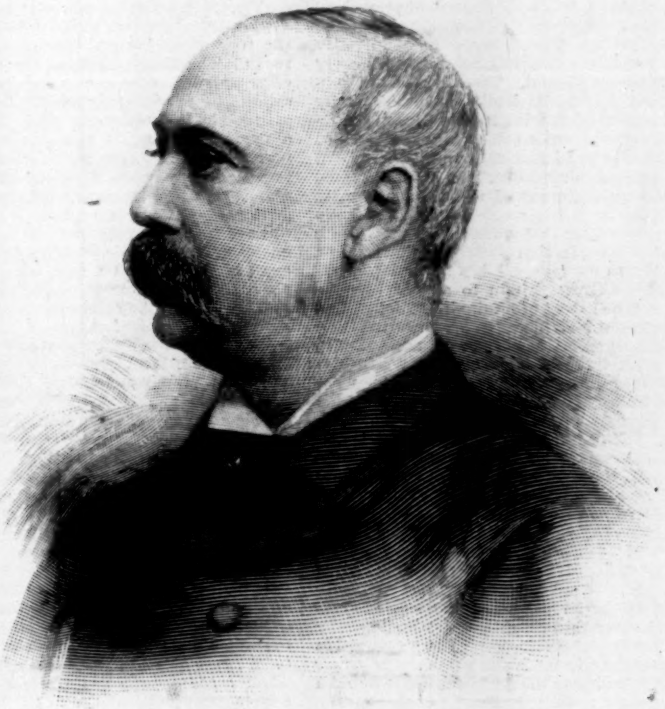
GROUND-PLAN OF MESSRS. POTTER & ROBERTSON'S DESIGN.
[See Page 255, Supplement.]



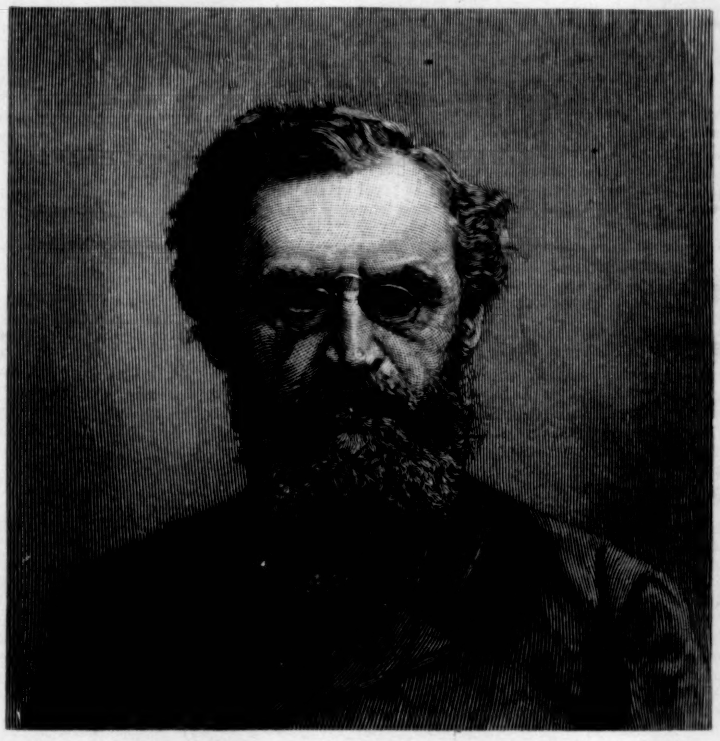
GROUND-PLAN OF MESSRS. HUSS & BUCK'S DESIGN.—[See Page 256, Supplement.]



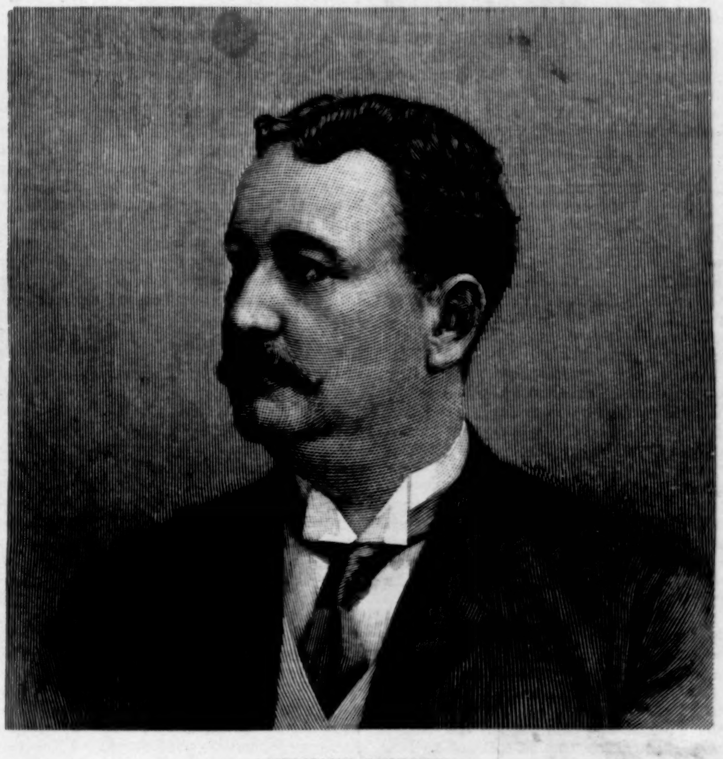
J. BRUCE ISMAY.



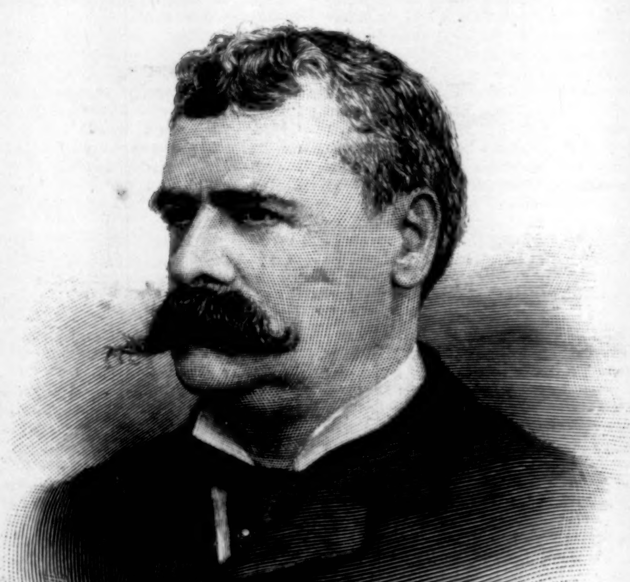
VERNON H. BROWN.



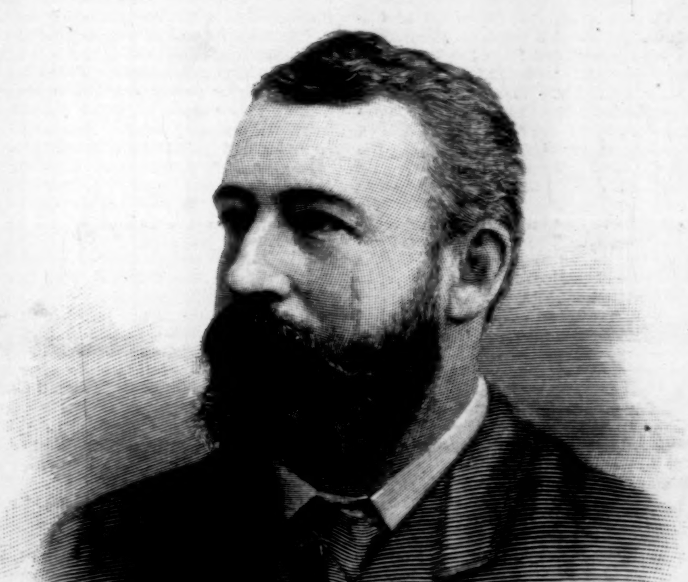
CARL SCHURZ.



HERMANN OELRICHS.



CLEMENT A. GRISCOM.



AUGUSTIN FORGET.

MEN WHO CONTROL THE GREAT STEAM-SHIP LINES.—From Photographs.—[See Page 246.]

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

An intense feeling of discontent prevails at St. John's at present, in consequence of the refusal of the British government to ratify the fishery convention between this country and Newfoundland. The state of the public feeling was sufficiently excited before by the action of the imperial government, respecting the *modus vivendi* with France, without such a stimulant irritant as a denial of treaty-making power being administered to a populace many of whom are naturally inclined to turbulence. It may not be improper to state that the power to negotiate treaties with foreign powers, otherwise than subject to its approval, has never been conceded by Great Britain to any of its colonies. The aspect of affairs in St. John's and throughout Newfoundland is now so serious, that the gravest consequences are anticipated should the home government refuse to accede to the wishes of the colonists—a desideratum which even the most sanguine can scarcely reasonably hope for.

St. John's, the capital city of the island of Newfoundland, noteworthy in many ways, has also the distinction of being one of the earliest places settled by whites on the continent of North America. Soon after the discovery of the island by Sebastian Cabot, June 24, 1497 (the day of St. John the Baptist), St. John's was the occasional abode of fishermen of various nationalities, and after Jacques Cartier and Roberval met in its roadstead, about thirty-eight years later, it became the permanent habitation of some engaged in the cod-fisheries, and in its commodious harbor vessels sailing to the American coast found a temporary resting-place and a secure haven.

In August, 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Walter Raleigh's half-brother, anchored with his fleet in its harbor, and took possession of the island in the name of Queen Elizabeth. Sir Humphrey had with him a motley following of sailors, masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, musicians, etc., numbers of whom remained in St. John's. He found fishermen of different nations there on his arrival, and calling them together, he erected the arms of England on a pillar of wood in their presence. With the exception of brief periods, during which the French held possession, Newfoundland has remained an appanage of the English crown ever since.

About 1650, Viscount Falkland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, settled an Irish colony at St. John's, and the preponderance of people of that nationality there is owing to that fact and to the large influx of Irish from 1805 to 1814, as also to sporadic emigration ever since. The English, however, were not permitted to hold undisturbed possession of St. John's and the foggy island. Almost ever since Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of it in the name of his sovereign, the history of the island has been largely a record of reprisals between the French and English fishermen, and even when these nations were at peace, the old quarrel continued in its intensity, apparently unaffected by treaties. Unfortunately this condition of affairs, though mitigated in some of its harsher features, has come down to the present, and promises to be a fruitful source of trouble between the two nations.

In 1696 the Chevalier Nesmond, with a fleet of about fifteen sail, attacked St. John's, now a place of some strength, but failed to effect its capture. A subsequent attack a short time later, by the combined fleets of Brouillan and Iberville, met with better success, but the French only held it till the treaty of Ryswick, 1697, restored it to the English. It was again taken by the French in June, 1762; but the entrance to the harbor being strongly fortified, the French commander, M. de Terney, thought it expedient to disembark his troops at a point on the coast a short distance removed from the town, and marching overland, captured the place without much difficulty. The same summer, however, the intruders were forced to evacuate St. John's by a force under Lord Colville, commanding at Halifax, who, imitating the French, attacked it from the land side.

Though St. John's has remained in the hands of the British ever since, its annals have not been those of a peaceful, well-regulated community. The troops of rival nations met for the last time in deadly embrace on its streets, when De Terney was forced to hoist sail and flee from the spot where so many of his countrymen found a grave; but domestic broils, resulting in occasional *émeutes*, have since at times transformed the ctiy into a scene of mimic warfare. Deeds of cruelty, assassinations, riots, and other exhibitions of the proclivities of a malignant and turbulent populace have not been of unfrequent occurrence; and though for many years the city has been better governed, and the people more docile and amenable to law, it is only by a misleading euphemism that the denizens of St. John's, even at present, could be styled a law-abiding community.

The city of St. John's is situated on the northeastern angle of the peninsula of Avalon, and 40 miles north of Cape Race. Excepting Cape Spear, which extends a little further in an easterly direction, St. John's is the nearest point to Europe on the continent of North America. It is 1000 miles nearer to England than New York, and but 1640 miles from Valencia on the coast of Ireland. The mariner sailing along the coast from Cape Race in a northerly direction is confronted by frowning rocky bulwarks, against which the ceaseless surge is lashed into foam. Dense fogs are frequent, through which the sombre threatening coast looms darkly. Innumerable sea-fowl add a shrill accompaniment to the moan of the wind and the roar of the waves beating against the rocks. The indentations in the coast that offer promise of shelter to the storm-tossed sailor, at a nearer approach are found to be guarded by the same rocky wall. But finally a narrow opening is reached in the iron-bound coast, and entering it, after proceeding for half a mile a spacious harbor completely sheltered from the wind and the swell of the ocean is reached. Such is the harbor of St. John's. The approach to it is perhaps one of the most picturesque views along the coast of America. On one side of the narrows Signal Hill towers aloft to the height of 520 feet, and the other side is guarded by South Side Hill 620 feet high, with Fort Amherst Light-house on a rocky promontory at its base. The entrance of the narrows is about 1400 feet wide, and at the narrowest point, between Pancake and Chain Rocks, the channel becomes contracted to about 600 feet. The harbor is about a mile long and half a mile wide, and permits of the entrance of vessels of the largest tonnage at all periods of the tide. At the head of the harbor a dry-dock was constructed a few years ago at a cost of $550,000. It is 600 feet in length, 83 in breadth, and 26 feet deep, and is capable of admitting the largest vessels afloat.

The city is built on sloping ground on the northern side of the harbor, on the southern border of which the hills rise so abruptly from the water that there is only space sufficient for a range of warehouses and oil factories. There are three principal streets, which, conforming to the sinuosities of the harbor, are winding and very irregular. These are intersected by cross-streets, which are laid out with a near approach to regularity. Water Street, the chief thoroughfare in the city, has many fine buildings, more noted, however, for solidity than for beauty of architecture. Generally shops, stores, and offices occupy the ground-floors, while many of the merchants and store-keepers have their homes in the upper stories. Projecting in the rear of the houses, on the side next to the harbor, are fish stores, warehouses, and wharves. Two-thirds of the houses in St. John's are built of wood, but as fires are of frequent occurrence, those burnt down are often replaced by stone buildings, thus tending to increase security and improve the aspect of the place. Within recent years many fine dwellings have been erected by wealthy residents, and as the city of late has been rapidly increasing in population and trade has been flourishing, this state of affairs, and the well-assured promise of increased prosperity in the future, will have the effect of still further improving the character of the buildings.

Among the edifices which would attract the attention of the stranger visiting the city are the Government House, a substantial and spacious structure erected in 1828; the Colonial Building completed in 1847, which contain the chambers where the colonial Legislature meets, and the government offices; and the Athenæum, built in 1877, having within its walls a public hall, library, reading-rooms, savings-bank, museum, etc. The new post-office, finished about ten years ago, is also a fine structure. With the exception of the Church of England and the Roman Catholic cathedrals, both elegant edifices, there are but few buildings in St. John's that can lay claim to architectural beauty. Traversing the town the visitor there for the first time would be impressed with a feeling of incongruity in his environment. Uniformity and regularity are conspicuous by the total absence of anything suggestive of such features in the laying out of the streets and the conformation of the houses and other buildings.

The manufacture of seal and cod oils is the main industry of the town, and is carried on on a most extensive scale. There are three iron-foundries, two large machine-shops, two boot and shoe factories, a nail factory, three furniture and two tobacco factories, and a large factory for the manufacture of cables, ropes, twines, nets, seines, etc. Tanning, soap-making, and other industries also furnish employment to numbers of the inhabitants. The export trade in various kinds of fish, fish-oils, seal-oil, and seal-skins is very large. St. John's is to a great extent the distributing centre for the whole island, and nearly all the imports arrive there.

The population according to the last census, taken in 1884, was 28,610, and is now doubtless considerably over 30,000. This is certainly a small result to show after having been settled for centuries, but small as it is, it is nearly all the result of a century's growth. In 1780 there were but 1650 inhabitants in St. John's, so that its increase since then is in marked contrast to the slowness of its progress in the period preceding.

Roman Catholics form almost two-thirds of the population, Episcopalians after them being the most numerous. It cannot be said that the various denominations in St. John's have been distinguished for Christian charity and religious tolerance. Party spirit has also run high, and even the most confirmed optimist would despair of the near approach of an era of peace and good-will were he to take up his abode in the capital city of Newfoundland. There is promise, however, of betterment in the near future, and it is not impossible, speaking metaphorically, that before long the wolf and the lamb will lie down together in the old city of St. John's.

N. Macdonald.

BADMINTON.

It is passing strange that a game of such antiquity, and one presenting possibilities of rare good sport, should have been so entirely overlooked in this country. What its age actually is no one has yet ventured to assert, but it is said to have flourished in India before the days of tennis in France, and we may read in Chaucer of the latter as an established game as early as 1380. Probably the earliest of all games required a ball or object to be tossed between or striven for by the opponents; at least we find sport closely allied to tennis in nearly every nation. Some form of out-door tennis, indeed, seems to have been played from time out of mind, and unquestionably badminton performed an important part in the evolution of the present game. Its name is of comparatively recent origin, said to have been given because the first game as now seen was played at Badminton, the Duke of Beaufort's country-seat, but as battledoor and shuttlecock there is no record of its first appearance. Certain it is that it flourished in England under various names years before Major Wingfield in '74 patented his game of Sphairistike, which was nothing more than a revival of tennis. It is known on pretty good authority that a game similar to tennis had been played in 1834; while between the years of 1850 and 1864 there are a number of well-substantiated instances where it had been played regularly.

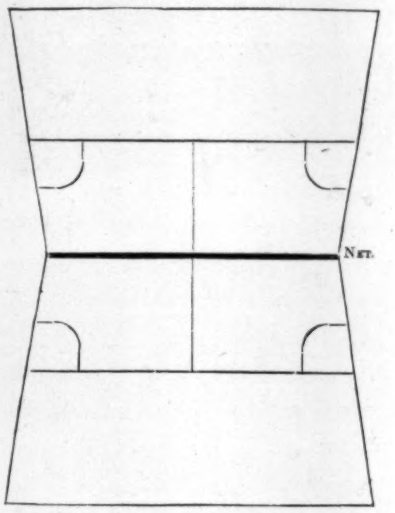
There is nothing new under the sun, but badminton appears rather to antedate anything we have in the way of a game. Its popular life in England was cut rather short by the immense favor attained by croquet, which in its turn was entirely extinguished by lawn tennis. In the past few years a small bit of interest has been awakening again in badminton, until there are now a number of organized clubs abroad playing it regularly. It is curious that here in America, where we are not generally slow in catching hold of an interesting game, especially if it comes *viâ* England, there are, so far as known, but two clubs which play the game; and these go in for it only as a harmless sort of Lenten abnegation after the more alluring dissipations of the social season. Very likely the cause of there being no greater general interest or activity in the game is from the fact of so very little being known of it. There really is a great deal in the game as an in-door recreation. It is possible to play it out-doors; in which case the shuttlecock, or "bird," as it is generally called, is weighted a little, and the body of cork covered with heavier rubber. With even this extra precaution, however, it is not very satisfactory in open air, the slightest wind catching the feathers of the "bird," and rendering accurate playing wellnigh an impossibility.

But there is always some hall to be hired, but with the movement now making in athletics by women, and the success of a club devoted exclusively to the interests of their physical culture, it is high time some recognition was taken of this game and a club feature made of it.

Why does not the Berkeley Ladies Athletic Club work up an interest in the game? How is it the wives, sisters, and sweethearts of members of the New York Athletic and Manhattan Athletic clubs do not constitute themselves into an annex, and secure an occasional game in their gymnasiums? In the case of the Manhattan Athletic Club, it would be quite feasible to use the theatre on days it is not occupied. Why not a Cherry Diamond Badminton Club composed of the wives of Manhattan Athletic Club members? This is a suggestion that can be acted upon very generally throughout the country, and whether the game is improved or not is of small consequence compared to the great good it will do womankind in betraying them into some kind of physical exertion. In the country, where athletic clubs and rentable halls are at a premium, if the interest becomes keen enough to permit of it, there are barn floors where the game can be played, and no doubt many a spacious top story in those old-fashioned double houses, where the best of sport could be had. The greatest recommendation the game badminton has is that the court can be laid out to suit the proportions of the space at hand, and made fast or slow as the players are disposed. One can work one's self into a health-giving perspiration, or make it suit the efforts of the most delicate, as they like. In the former case the best kind of exercise is enjoyed, for the "bird" may be batted as hard as ever you like, and yet not sent so swiftly, on account of the feathers spreading, as to get beyond an average player; this fact likewise makes it possible to play in poorer light than tennis demands.

The game was introduced into this country in the early winter of '78-'79, by Mr. Bayard Clarke, who had seen it played in England, and believed it could be made successful here. He was joined by Mr. E. Langdon Wilks and Mr. Robert K. Richards, and together they organized the "Badminton Club of the City of New York." The first active membership of the club numbered about forty, and the meetings were held in the old armory building on Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street. The membership soon reached the limit of 200, and the demand for another club was created. The first club has always held its meetings in the afternoon, and as they had rather a tendency to make the attendance more feminine than masculine, the idea of a club holding evening sessions was favorably considered. Consequently, about two years ago, Mrs. Herman Clarke and Miss Rutherfurd organized the "Evening Badminton Club," which was an immediate success, and fairly outshone the elder organization in the brilliancy of its meetings. No more animated scene can be imagined than the hall on a meeting night of this club, where there are six courts, forty-eight laughing, chattering, swiftly moving figures, and the air is filled with flying "birds."

The dimensions of the court must, of course, be governed by the amount of space at disposal, and may be one-third the size of a ~~double tennis~~-court, which is seventy-eight by thirty-six feet, or the limited lines permitted by a fair-sized room. The courts should, if out-doors, be marked off by means of pegs and strings or a lawn-tennis marker; but better, and invariably in-doors, by white chalk lines on the floor. In the centre are placed the posts, firmly planted in boxes of sand, which support the net. The net should be two feet to two feet six inches deep, suspended at a height of six feet from the ground, and firmly held by guy ropes attached to the posts.



The rackets should be similar to the ones used in the game of racquets, or of a very light tennis pattern. The shuttlecock may be large or small, as the players desire. The game, in its general line, is played about like lawn-tennis, with the exception that from one to four may play on a side, and that the shuttlecock must be returned on the volley. The "bird" is served and returned under the same provisions, except that, of course, if it falls to the ground it is counted a miss to that player and to his side. The service shall be from the "service corner," the server and receiver each standing with both feet within their respective quadrants until the shuttlecock is struck. The divisions of the respective courts are only observed in the serve, or first hit; after that the partners may stand where they please on their side of the net. The "bird" must be served to clear the net and fall, without touching ropes or posts, inside the line of the service court, diagonally opposite from the server. If the net is touched in service, and the shuttlecock falls over, the stroke is considered as a "let," and does not count a "fault" against the person serving. In play, however, the touching of the net, so long as the "bird" falls over, is counted a stroke.

On the other hand, if the players touch the net or reach over it with their rackets, the stroke counts against them. In judging whether a player has reached over the net, the umpire should be careful to note if the "bird" "is struck before it has crossed the net and not by the racket of the player, which is naturally carried forward by the impetus of the stroke, and which might arrive at a slight angle over the net, although the shuttlecock itself was struck fairly on the correct side. If, however, the net is touched by the racket the stroke counts against the player, whether the shuttlecock was struck on the right side or not." Two "faults" put the "hand out." In all cases a shuttlecock falling on any of the boundary lines is regarded as a "fault," as if it had fallen outside of the boundary lines, both in service and play. Fifteen points constitute the game, and in service no overhand stroke is permitted. The shuttlecock is judged by where it strikes, and not where it lies after falling. On club night generally from ten to twelve games are played by each court, the first three counting toward a prize. These prizes, generally valuable little souvenirs of the meeting, are quite a feature of the Evening Club, and some very pretty contests have resulted. Finally, as to costume there appears to be no rule. The women are more sensible than the men, and wear a bodice and full skirts and half shoes with common-sense heels—at least most of them do, though I have seen some with so little consideration of their comfort and safety as to wear high-heeled slippers. The men ought to wear flannels, but they have not yet gotten around to that sensible view, and in the mean time appear in a variety of garb from business to evening dress.

Caspar W. Whitney.

AMATEUR · SPORT

Too many cooks spoil the broth is an adage of antiquity, but none the less sententious. It would be well for Harvard if she had fewer committees dabbling in her athletic affairs. The recent action of the Graduate Advisory Committee, in refusing to ratify the Princeton–Harvard base-ball dates made by Captain Dean, is precisely on a line with that absurd and always inconsistent New England clause. The reason put forth by this committee is that the dates coming so early, May 2d and 9th, Harvard will be greatly at a disadvantage from not being able to get as much previous practice as Princeton. Had there been any truth in this, Captain Dean, who is quite as eager to win as the Graduate Advisory Committee, and certainly knows his business better than they, would not have made the arrangement in the first place. The record of past seasons will not bear out the assertion, and as for this season, at this writing (March 28th) the Harvard nine has been out-doors for about two weeks and Princeton just five days. The sober fact of the matter is that this rupture has come about in precisely the same manner as those that have gone before it—by the meddlesome legislation of graduates with an idea of their importance entirely out of proportion to their usefulness. Graduate influence and advice are desirable and necessary when actuated by the best interests for the *alma mater*, but we have not seen much of that kind at Cambridge in the past year or so.

Every man on Harvard's team wants to play ball with Princeton, and all but a very small percentage of the undergraduates are likewise inclined. Now which are we to accept as the Harvard sentiment, the mass of students or the three men who pose as her mentors? And must there be an intercollegiate rupture because these three are unable to distinguish the difference between silly boyish wrangling and clearly defined sportsmanlike legislation? Princeton acted generously and sportsmanlike toward Harvard in yielding the New-England point, and has shown that she is willing to do all in her power to bring about an exchange of athletic courtesy. Owing to the brevity of the season, closely followed by college examinations, it will be almost impossible for Princeton to arrange games with Harvard unless a compromise is made upon at least one of the original dates. If Harvard is so foolish as to persist in her present position, she will make one of the greatest mistakes of her erratic career—a mistake that will bring eventual humiliation. There is such a thing as wearing out the patience of one's best friends, and I would remind Harvard's legislators of the fabled frog whose continued self-inflation ended in a direful and total collapse. *Verb. sat. sap.*

The open weather of the past two weeks has done a great deal for the Harvard nine in making it possible to begin out-door work. The men have served faithfully in the cage, and are showing up in form much improved over the corresponding time of last year. This is to be expected, however, in a second season's play. Practically the men have been chosen, though there are, of course, one or two positions that may yet be changed. Hovey has shown the good sense to accept the advice given him in this column on the 14th ultimo, and is playing short and filling the position fairly well. The contest for first, which has been hot between Trafford and Dickinson, has finally resulted in the veteran Trafford being chosen, because of his being steadier. Dickinson will most likely go into the out-field. Bates and Howe have been doing some very good pitching, all things considered. Great expectations are had of the former. Upton and Cobb are doing the catching. The latter is a new man, formerly on the Wesleyan nine, and has shown up so well that just at present it is extremely difficult to choose between the two. Upton's weak point has always been his throwing, and if he improves in that particular, he will undoubtedly get the call, as he is the better back stop of the two, and probably the best in the entire college circuit.

Rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, Dean is now playing second base, and will stay there. This leaves out Frothingham, who filled the position last year. He is too good a batter to lose, and will very likely be sent into the out-field. Third base this year, as it was last, seems destined to be the weak spot in the nine. Cook, a new man, who formerly played on his class team, is filling the position now, but whether he will hold it or not is another question. He is a fair fielder, but a poor base runner, while his ability with the stick is as yet unknown. The best man for the place is Soule, who would really make a great base-man, but, unfortunately, his batting is very weak. Should Cook's batting turn out to be good, or even fair, he will probably get the place; but if otherwise, Soule will very likely be selected, as in every other respect he is a better man. In any event, it is unfortunate to be obliged to take on a weak batter, as the nine now is none too strong in that respect. Alward, who played third last year, and Mason, who filled left field, will be obliged to do greatly improved work in order to get on the nine at all. They are candidates for the out-field, and rather out-classed by Dickinson and Frothingham, while Corbett and Hallowell are cutting out good stiff work for them. The latter, however, is weak on ground balls, and may lose his chance on that account. Corbett is a good fielder and base runner, but an indifferent batter. Clarkson, the professional, has been coaching the team, but has now left it. The effects of Captain Dean's conscientious thorough work are already to be seen. The base-running has been considerably improved, the men are all working with a determination to win, and altogether the team is in satisfactory shape, and will be a better one than that put out last year.

The amateur revolver championship of the United States, to be held under the auspices of *Forest and Stream*, for the trophy presented by Mr. Walter Winans, is creating no end of talk as to the probable conditions under which it will be contested. It is unfortunate that Mr. Winans, who is a thorough sportsman, and the best revolver shot in Great Britain, did not make at least a few stipulations on one or two of the more important details, such as distance, revolver, and number of shots, for these are matters that only the practical man can successfully handle. At this writing, briefly, it is proposed "to have the shooting at twenty yards, by any revolver, with any sight, with any trigger pull, with any ammunition, strictly off-hand, six shots, at a target which will enable the shots to be measured each in inches and fractions from the fixed centre. An open match first with scores from anywhere, and then a final struggle of the leading ten or a dozen shooters, under strict scrutiny, at a fixed time and place, will determine who shall have the honor of first holding the trophy, to be defended for a certain length of time against challenge before becoming personal and permanent property." There is no doubt but that there is every desire shown in these conditions for a contest that shall be decisive and just, but, in point of fact, they are incomplete. Exceptions can be and are taken to the distance, the number of shots, the failure to declare the definition of an amateur, and the silence in regard to revolver.

The best suggestions offered have come from Mr. William R. Pryor, who is one of the most expert revolver shots in this country. He particularly advises a distance of fifty yards in place of twenty, and a revolver of not less than five chambers, with a barrel not longer than eight inches. To begin with, the championship should include marksmanship, endurance, knowledge of light, windage, etc.; in fact, a practical test of skill with the weapon. Such was undoubtedly Mr. Winans's idea in presenting the trophy. The proposed distance of twenty yards is by no means satisfactory. No out-door revolver-shooting is done in this country by sportsmen with any pretensions to skill at less than thirty yards, and from that up to fifty and seventy, while the professionals shoot at one hundred yards. To place the distance for an American national championship at twenty yards is a confession of inferior dexterity which is absolutely unwarranted, for we have scores upon scores of good shots in this country, and a dozen cracks in the number who could very likely win an international championship. Aside from this fact, now that an American championship series is being established, it is an extremely bad precedent to hold the first match at a distance that would not be tolerated by foreign experts. We have our regular range in rifle-shooting corresponding with those used generally throughout the world; why should an exception be made in the revolver range? Moreover, it was decided in 1886 that twenty yards—or, more correctly speaking—twenty-one, and an eight-inch target were not calculated to test skill.

To limit the number of shots to six would not at all be a fair test in a match to determine all-round ability. Endurance is a large factor in every other contest, and should have consideration in a revolver championship. To proclaim otherwise is to lessen the honor of winning. Aside from this quality, which would not be tested in six shots, there remains the further objection that the accuracy of a shooter cannot be thoroughly tested in so limited a number of trials. Many a good shot is made accidentally, and I have seen an indifferent marksman make a target in five shots which astonished every one in the gallery, himself included, and which he could not duplicate under any circumstances. If the match is to be held in open air, one competitor might shoot in the sunlight, while another following him would have the sun behind a cloud. With the total number of shots at fifty, in strings of ten, matters of this kind would adjust themselves evenly before the contest ended.

The conditions governing style of revolver are generous and excellent in some respects; but for the protection of the competitors, some definition should be given sufficiently broad to cover all of the common make of arms, yet strict enough to bar out those long-barrelled, single-shot target pistols that are certain to be produced and troublesome unless provided for beforehand. Probably the wisest plan, and the simplest, would be to stipulate that the revolver must have not less than five chambers, a barrel no longer than eight inches, with open sights, and the position in shooting to be off-hand. Some definition of the amateur should be made, and its provisions rigidly enforced. The question arises, what is an amateur revolver shot? Obviously one who has neither directly nor indirectly gained a living by his skill; who has not kept a gallery, given exhibitions for money, etc., etc.

The proposed arrangement of permitting any one to shoot anywhere and at any time throughout the country, sending in the target for inspection, does not meet with the approval of sportsmen in this vicinity. It seems wellnigh impossible to conduct a match at such long range. Who will vouch for the style of arm used, the amateur status of the competitor, or his form in shooting? A national championship should not be conducted in this go-as-you-please fashion. It should be held on some well-known range in either New York, Chicago, or St. Louis. Its conditions should be simple and effective and well circulated; its officials, men of reputation and efficiency. It might be feasible to supervise a tournament held, say, in Chicago for the entries in that section, and one in New York for all the East, the winners in each to meet for the final contest at, say, Creedmoor. The general opinion, however, seems to be in favor of a centrally located range, where the championship may be battled for from beginning to end under conditions that humor, as far as possible, the whims of the contestants, and yet prevent trickery.

So it appears that All-America cricket eleven of the enterprising Philadelphia newspaper is not to materialize, after all; and the vainglorious scheme of a triumphant tour throughout Great Britain is as dead as the proverbial door-nail. When the plan was first put forth, indeed while the advance agent was industriously placarding all England with his supposititious eleven, such an end was predicted by us. Without wishing the projectors any ill-luck, there is little question but that the result of this affair is entirely satisfactory to all sportsmen interested in the future of American cricket. It was well enough to plan a trip abroad, and make dates for one or half a dozen elevens, if so it pleased the Englishmen and gratified the newspaper cricketers of Philadelphia. The fatal error made was in giving it an international coloring, as the advance agent persisted in doing, by declaring the team would be a "representative" one of the United States. To have gotten together a scrub eleven, and taken it over as the *Daily Boomer* team, would have been entirely legitimate and very likely profitable. To attempt the organization of an All-America team, however, and arrange for a series of international matches, is quite a different matter, and does not come quite within the province of the circulation department of a newspaper.

The winning of the champion cup of The Riding Club—a handsome silver loving-cup, presented by Mr. Andrew Sands—by Miss Mabel Metcalf, on her horse Lancer, was an appropriate ending of a contest in which she proved herself to be a horsewoman of pronounced skill and pluck. Entering the competition with a sick horse, and one that continued so throughout the entire ten weeks, she nevertheless succeeded in earning ninety-four points out of a possible one hundred, pulling her mount together in a thoroughly business-like manner, and putting him over the jumps when he was by no means up to it. Few points separated the two leaders to the very last. Tying at eighty-four on the final night, Lancer secured first honors and ten additional points in the jump off. The contest, which began January 30th and finished March 21st, was for the horse making the best score over the hurdles—an in-and-out jump over 3 feet 8 inches, and a single at 4 feet 5 inches—the conditions being that the same horse should be ridden throughout. Lancer is a bay 16.2, by Longueil, out of a mare by Hyder Ali. He is a fine cross-country performer, and an animal of rare intelligence and beauty. Miss Cary, on her brown mare Susan, a wonderfully clever performer, with eighty-four points, captured second place and the challenge cup, presented by Mr. J. Henry Alexandre, which she is defending as we are on the press. If she succeeds in winning it this second time, it becomes her personal property. The third in the contest for the champion trophy was Mr. N. C. Reynal's Schooner, with fifty-two points. He is a chestnut, about sixteen hands, was hunted regularly with the Westchester hounds last season without a fall, and jumped six feet six at the last horse show.

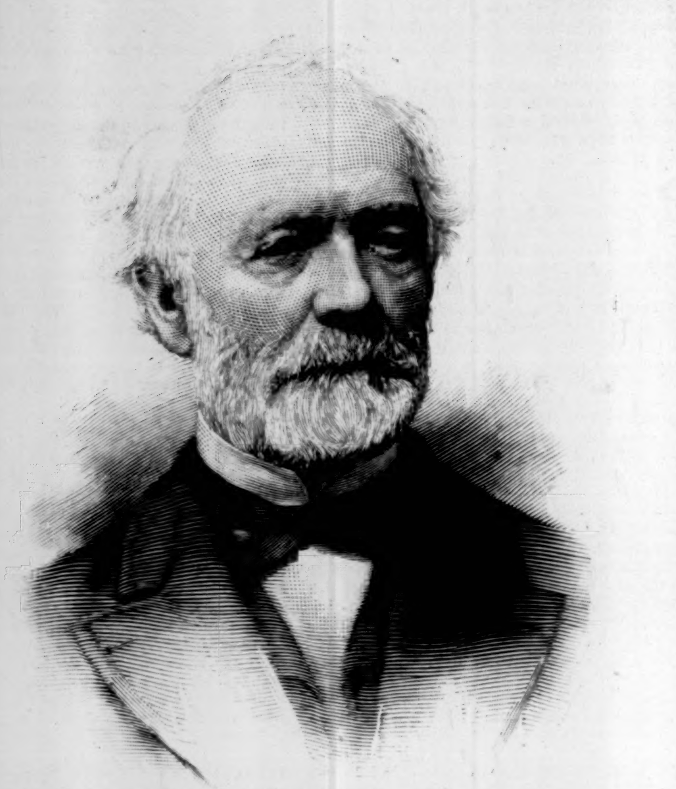
It would be difficult to criticise an organization doing so much that is praiseworthy as The Riding Club. I am, nevertheless, of the opinion that it can extend its work to the greatest advantage. How many of the young women, or young men either for matter of that, who ride get beyond the mere ability to sit their horse well? How dense is the ignorance of the majority on general horsemanship! More than once I have been amused watching the clumsy efforts of a horseman, who rode well enough to warrant one's expecting better of him, in extracting a stone from the foot of his mount. It is not enough that we ride fairly well; we should have a thorough drilling in the practical care and management of the horse, without which the mere ability to present a fairly respectable appearance on the road is of little value. It is in this very particular that The Riding Club can do a tremendous amount of good toward perfecting the equestrian education of the men, women, and children. There should be contests in general horsemanship, including saddling, bridling, lifting feet for examination, backing, changing lead, opening gate with crop, riding without stirrups, and the hundred other practical matters that distinguish the horseman from the mere park rider, and assure safety in case of accident. Entries to such a competition would probably come in slowly at first, but the interest could be stimulated to a degree that would eventually make it one of the most popular of events. The youngsters at least would be tractable, and the knowledge they derived on the subject would set them up to such an extent that their elders would be driven to cover or to emulation from very shame of their ignorance.

The proposition of Mr. A. G. Mills, president of the New York Athletic Club, to found a slugging fund for the bruisers that have until very recently feasted upon the A. A. U's. impotent legislation, is such a genuine curiosity in its way that we devote space to reproducing it intact: "By the new rules in reference to prizes, diamond rings, gold watches, etc., are done away with, and nothing more valuable than a $35 medal or badge can in future be awarded. Therefore the incentive to the boxers is gone, and there is apparently nothing left for them to do but drift into professional pugilism. This would unquestionably be a bad thing for them and the public. Therefore I make the proposition to put them on a basis where they can continue to box under the humane rules of the A. A. U., and at the same time do away with the hypocrisy that has up to date enveloped these contests. Let a purse of $100 in money be offered, $75 to winner and $25 to loser, and have the affairs conducted on a business plane. The boxers could still maintain their clubs as they are now; and in order to keep out professionals, have it provided that no man who has ever won a purse in the ring shall be allowed to compete. The New York Athletic Club would be glad to offer purses for contests of this sort, and I believe other clubs in this vicinity would do the same." Was ever a more absurd and totally inconsistent scheme promulgated? If a man who fights for $100 in cash is not a professional, in the name of common-sense what is he? And yet Mr. Mills would have these men fight under the "humane rules of the A. A. U.," and retain their membership in clubs that are members of the Amateur Athletic Union. What a farce!

Such an arrangement, in the first place, would be impossible under the present rulings of the Amateur Athletic Union, and in the second place it would be positively disgraceful. What excuse is there for permitting these men to fight under the protection of the A. A. U.? To keep their ranks clear of professionals, so Mr. Mills says. Professionals! Stuff! Has not Mr. Mills heard of the impossibility of spoiling a rotten egg? These men belong in the professional ranks, and the idea of taking them under the wing of the supreme governing body of American amateur athletics is simply outrageous, and is not to be tolerated. If the members of the New York Athletic Club or any other club wish to see a fight now and again, there are plenty of them of the most gory description coming off every little while in the vicinity of this city. If, however, a club desires to harbor a band of pugilists, their fights should be held under Marquis of Queensberry or London prize-ring rules, where they belong, and not under the Amateur Athletic Union, the sole mission of which is to foster amateur athletics, and keep them free from the very class Mr. Mills would foist upon us. A man who enters a contest for money, whether he runs, jumps, or fights, is a professional, and he cannot be legislated anything else by a dozen nonsensical propositions. Imagine the bars to be let down in favor of sluggers; then why not running, jumping, bicycling, etc., etc., for $100 purses. It would, as a matter of fact, be a blessing if some corporation would awaken an interest in professional contests by offering purses as Mr. Mills suggests; it would cleanse amateur athletics of that element which now entangles it.

The deciding game in the water-polo contest between the New York Athletic Club and the Manhattan Athletic Club was won by the former—three goals to none—Friday night. The same club captured also the first the preceding week by three goals to two. The N. Y. A. C. was the first to introduce the sport in this city, and its team is a very strong one, playing a cool, heady game. It defeated the Boston Athletic Association, that has been playing the game much longer, five goals to none, and could very likely win from the Providence Swimming Club, which has the only other formidable team in this country. Individually it has several of the best players of the day—Wells, Schlesinger, Kintner—while collectively its work is very fine. The M. A. C. team did exceptionally well, considering the length of time it has played, and the fact of having no such coach as its rival had in Mr. Wells. It was weak in team-work, but has the material in Meffert, Cleaver, Vandevoort, and Knoedler, to develop very strong play.

Caspar W. Whitney.



GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

General Johnston, who harassed the flank of General Sherman's army on his march to the sea, served only a month ago as one of that commander's pall-bearers. The day of the funeral pageant was cold and raw, and the ex-Confederate soldier suffered so far from the exposure that he died of it, and so gave up his life in showing this last respect to the memory of the man whose forces he had once tried to cut to pieces.

When the war broke out Johnston was Quartermaster-General of the United States army, with the rank of Brigadier-General. He resigned his commission when Virginia, his native State, seceded. The Confederate Congress passed a law directing that officers who had resigned from the United States army to enter the Confederate service should have in the new army corresponding rank to that held in the old. Johnston outranked in the old army all who resigned to go South, and, according to this law, should have been the first in rank of the Confederate army. Jefferson Davis, in making the nominations to the Confederate Senate, so managed that Johnston, instead of being first on the list of generals, was made fourth, being outranked by Generals Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Cooper. General Johnston vainly protested against this, and then began a lack of good feeling between him and Davis's administration, which lasted to the end of the war and a long time afterward.

General Johnston's first achievement during the war was to deceive General Patterson by a cavalry demonstration and go to Beauregard's assistance at Bull Run. He remained in command of the forces in front of Washington until after the battle of Seven Pines, where he was severely wounded and borne from the field. In opposing McClellan, previous to this, with an inferior force, he had shown masterly skill; and on the Peninsula, from Yorktown to the Chickahominy, illustrated the skilful defensive strategy for which he afterward became famous. When at Seven Pines, McClellan had crossed, with part of his army, the Chickahominy Creek, which was much swollen by a freshet; Johnston attacked, and a bloody but indecisive battle ensued. Johnston tells us in his book that he had given orders for the attack to be renewed in the morning; but at the close of the day he was wounded, and his plans were not carried out.

Johnston next commanded a department in the West. It was in disobedience of his orders that Pemberton permitted himself to be shut up in Vicksburg. Davis so interfered with Johnston's plans that he asked to be relieved. When Bragg had ruined his reputation in the winter of 1863–4, public opinion in the South compelled Davis to put Johnston in command of the Army of the Tennessee. Even now Davis interfered all he could. He wanted a dashing, offensive campaign, and Johnston believed that his force was not sufficient for any such experiment. He thought a watchful, defensive policy the better of the two.

His campaign against Sherman, when the latter started on his march to the sea, is admitted by all military authorities to have been a model of its kind. Day by day and mile by mile he contested the ground with Sherman, always retreating, but always doing so in perfectly good order, and without any serious loss. This exasperated Davis, who insisted on an offensive policy. Johnston was removed, and Hood put in his place. That intrepid commander tried to carry out the dashing policy of Davis, and his army was destroyed by Thomas before Nashville, while Sherman, unopposed, marched on to Savannah.

After this disaster the Confederate Congress gave supreme command to Lee, who at once ordered Johnston to intercept Sherman's northward march. Though it was too late to accomplish much, he showed by his strategy at Averysborough, Kingston, and later at Bentonville, that he knew how to depart from the Fabian policy which was so offensive to the Confederate President. At Bentonville he held his lines during a hard-fought day, and then retreated to the west of Raleigh, so that Sherman could not get in the rear of Lee without exposing his flank.

At this time Lee surrendered at Appomatox, and Johnston refused to do any more fighting. He surrendered to Sherman. Stanton refused to ratify the terms of surrender, and other terms were made similar to those agreed upon by Grant and Lee. He was the last man who held a large Confederate army in the field.

General Johnston was born in Virginia in 1807; was graduated at West Point in 1829; entered the Fourth Artillery as Second Lieutenant, and saw active service in the Black Hawk war; was promoted in 1836, and was aide-de-camp to General Winfield Scott in the Seminole war. He was wounded in both of these wars. At the breaking out of the Mexican war he was a Captain of Topographical Engineers. He was wounded at Cerro Gordo, and also at Chapultepec, where he was first to place the flag upon the rampart. He was brevetted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel. Till made Quartermaster-General in 1860, he passed the interval after the Mexican war in frontier and garrison duty.

After the war General Johnston became president of a railroad, and then the agent for an insurance company. In 1874 his disabilities were removed. There was some talk of making him Secretary of the Navy in Hayes's cabinet, but nothing came of it. In 1877 he was elected to Congress from the Richmond district, and served one term. During President Cleveland's administration he was Commissioner of Railroads. This was his last public service.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

This story is credited to General Joseph E. Johnston and to several officers who were musketry instructors in their younger days, and who held leading commands on different sides during our civil war. On getting into hot corners, when the enemy's balls were flying close around their heads, they would say: "Disgusting! Really, now, less accuracy than in the old buck and ball period. It is too bad! Too bad! No improvement at all. Won't they ever learn to gauge distances? A shameless waste of good ammunition, that's what it is. Confounded carelessness!"

With Grant, General Sheridan was the least fidgety of men under fire; and as to Custer, he really seemed to like such abnormal conditions. It would be invidious to signal out any one on either side for coolness in action; nevertheless, the peculiar idiosyncracies of the late Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston were conspicuous. He was noted for absolute indifference to lead. "You can't see things, gentlemen, in their proper light," General Johnston would say to his staff, "unless we get much closer—quite close, in fact;" and close to the line of fire he would go. It looked as if he never remembered that he had been hit, or that there was any risk to be run.

It is said that at the battle of Seven Pines, where he got his last wound, he remarked after he had reeled in his saddle: "Quite extraordinary! It's nothing, gentlemen. I assure you, not worthy of comment. I think we ought to move up a little closer. If a surgeon is within call, and not too busy, at his convenience—perfect convenience—he might as well look me over." If some one on his staff had not just then caught him, the General would have fallen from his horse; and even then he made a little deprecatory gesture, as if to say: "It's a mere trifle. Of no possible consequence."

This anecdote is authentic, and shows how modest is true courage, and how it may have a ludicrous side to it. Some years after the war, at a family dinner, where there were present General Joseph E. Johnston and a distinguished officer in the regular service who was bravery personified, the talk was about the Black Hawk war.

"I think," said General Johnston, in his quiet way, "an Irish private soldier was the most amusingly brave man I ever heard about. It seems, or I have been told, that there were six men surrounded in a swamp by eighty odd Indians. The soldiers were like rats in a trap, up to their knees in a swamp, the mud of such tenacious ooze that they couldn't move. During the first five minutes three of the men were wounded. It was certain that in time some of the Indians would make their way in the rear of the soldiers, and shoot them in the back, because the men could not face about. There was this Irishman, and he said to the officer in charge: 'Excusin' the libertee, sor, but there's a bloody musquiter on me nose, and the baste won't get lose of me. Would your honor kindly brush it off, bekase my arm is kind of ripped up wid a ball, and if I move it, belike my muskit would fall in the mud and be unsarviceable, and she's furnished with the last ca'tridge in the sack?' Every one of those six men thought they had but a few minutes more to live, when just then, if I remember rightly, there happened to be a rescue."

"I have heard that story, General Johnston," said the listening officer; "only you forget to mention one thing, and it was that you were the officer in charge of that party."

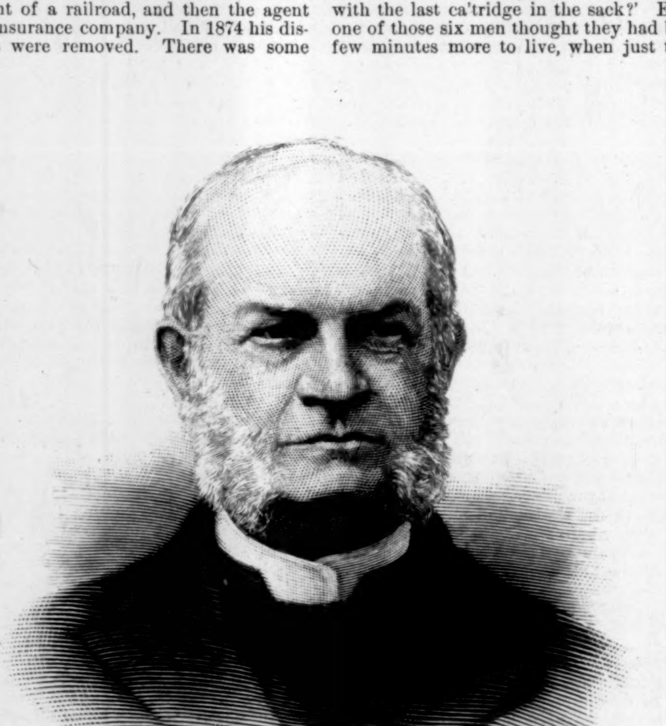
Then General Johnston looked quite confused, blushed, and said: "That may be, but I was frightened, sir. How do you know that I was not? I think I was in a perfect funk."

During the evening the lady at whose house they were dining was discussing the merits of kerosene lamps, mineral oils having been about that time brought into use in the South. General Johnston's opinion was asked about them.

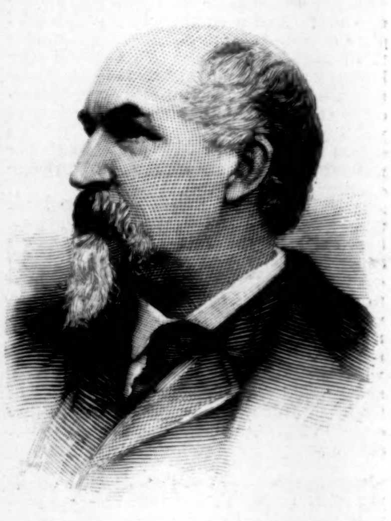
"I am the most timid man in the world," said the General, "and dreadfully afraid of a kerosene lamp. The other day a servant put one in my room. I was but half dressed, and I hurried out as fast as I could run. I knew it was going to burst. Then think of it! The very next night some kind of a patent kerosene lamp was sent me as a present, and the donor lit it, explaining to me the method of working it. Such was my nervousness that I never knew he was talking to me. Later, after somebody had extinguished the lamp, I tried to reason out to myself what a poltroon I was. We get hardened in time, but I assure you nothing would ever induce me to light or extinguish a kerosene lamp. I really envy you, madam, as possessing heroic traits, when you tell me you feel no alarm when in the presence of a kerosene lamp. But I am by nature an arrant coward. An enemy armed with kerosene lamps would drive me off the field. I should be panic personified."

All this was said with such an air of conviction as to be highly amusing when coming from the lips of as brave a man as ever lived.

B. P.



THE LATE REV. DR. HOWARD CROSBY.—From Photograph by Ludovici, New York.



CHARLES F. CHICKERING.—[See Page 247.]

THE PROSTRATING SHOCKS

Of malarial fever are not to be counteracted by quinine with any degree of certainty, or for any length of time. The eradication and prevention of diseases of a miasmatic type are, however, ascertained possibilities. Long experience has shown that there is infinitely more preventive efficacy in the fine botanic medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, than in the alkaloids, drugs, and poisons which were formerly the only recognized means of removing and anticipating attacks of fever and ague and bilious remittent. When the system has been depleted by periodically recurring paroxysms, this agreeable restorative renews the fund of energy, and is not only a positive specific, but repairs the damage to the general health inflicted by all febrile complaints partaking of the malarial character.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A SPECIFIC FOR THROAT DISEASES.

Brown's Bronchial Troches have been long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Karilpa, the delightful!—Have you tried this new and delicious toilet-water? If not, do so.—[*Adv.*]

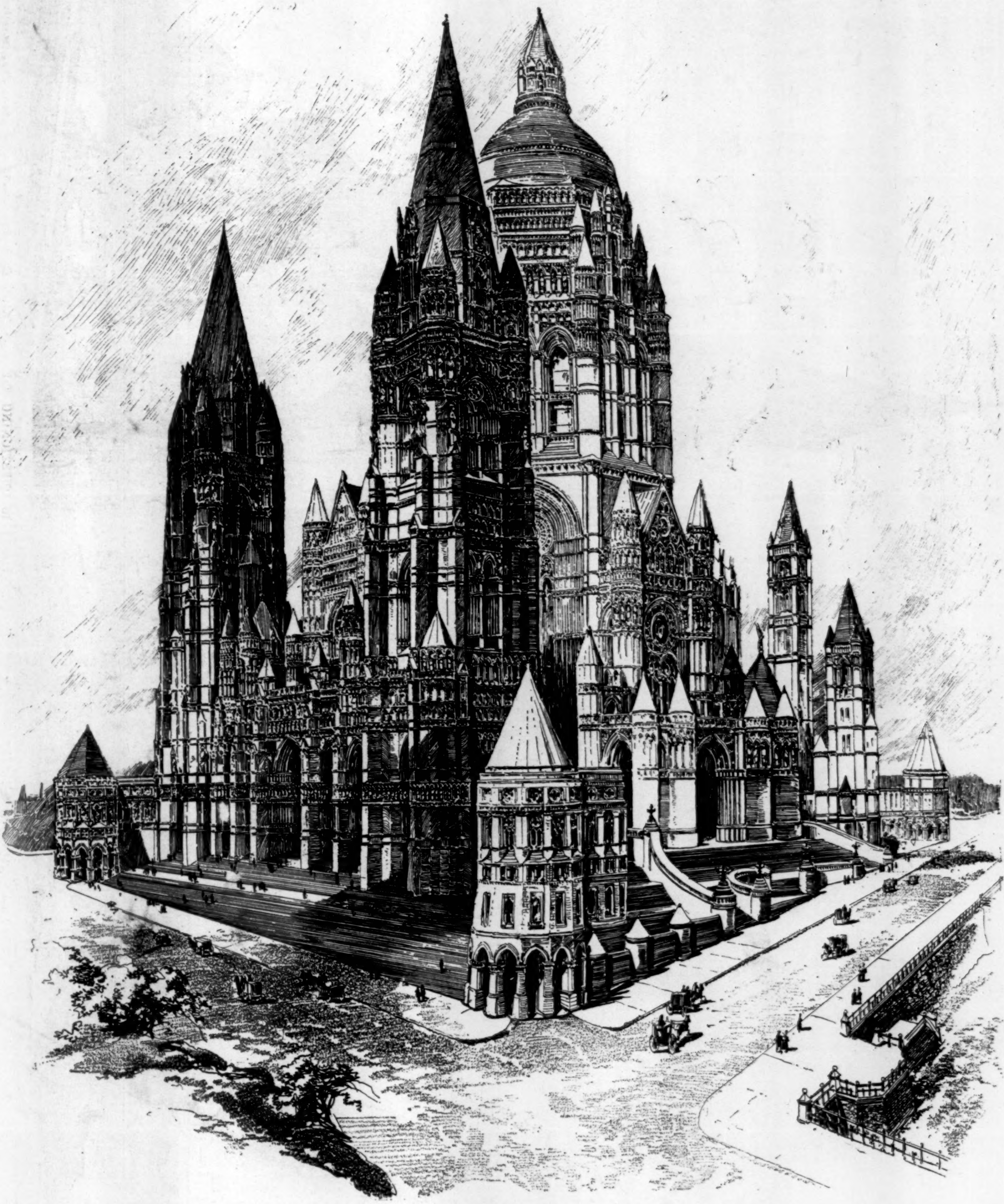
Use Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned South American appetizer, of exquisite flavor.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

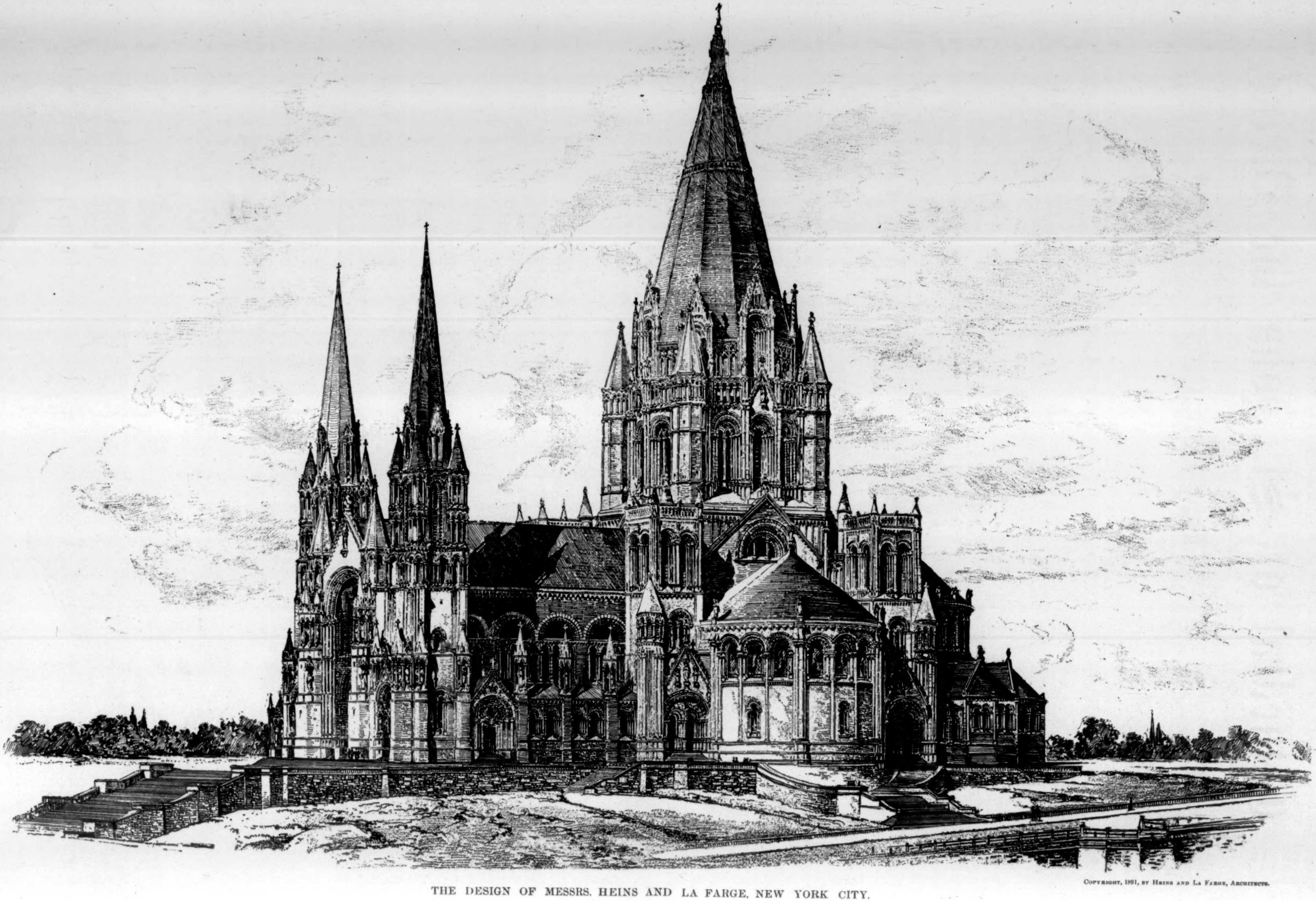
The Proposed Plans for the

Cathedral of St. John the Divine,

New York City.



THE DESIGN OF MR. WILLIAM HALSEY WOOD, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—[SEE PAGE 247.]



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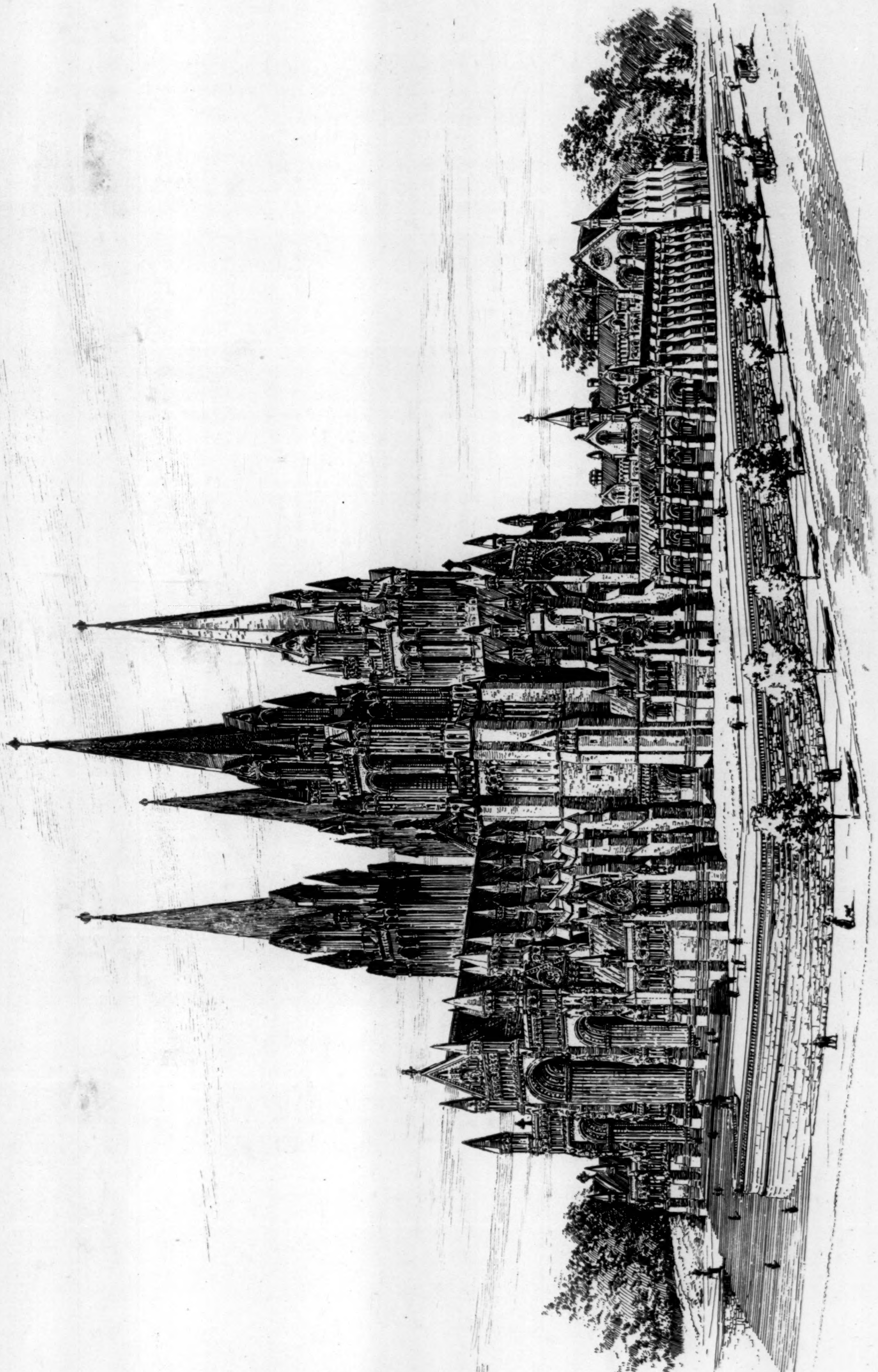
THE DESIGN OF MESSRS. HEINS AND LA FARGE, NEW YORK CITY.



THE DESIGN OF MESSRS. POTTER AND ROBERTSON, NEW YORK CITY.